



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

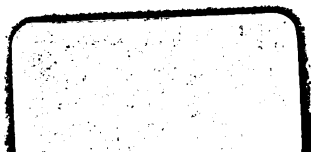
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

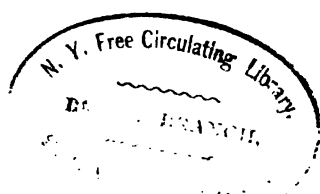




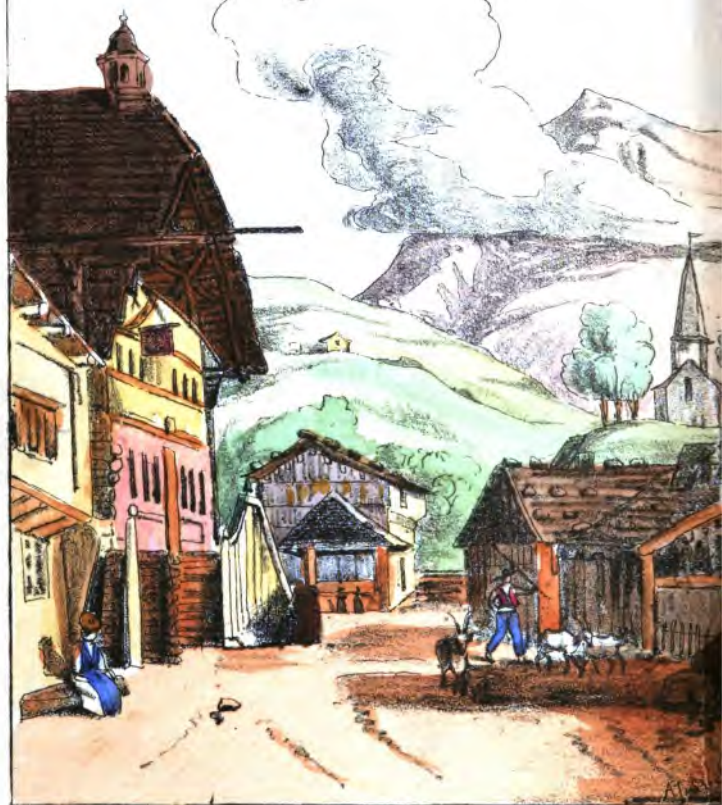








24



AUBERGE AT ROSSINIÈRE.



No. 111  
E. 18. 10  
J. S.

# *Domestic Residence*

IN

## **SWITZERLAND;**

BY

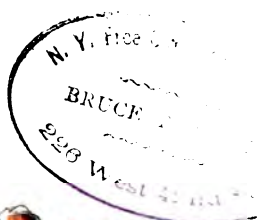
### **ELIZABETH STRUTT.**

*Author of "Six Weeks on the Loire,"*

*"Chances & Changes" &c.*

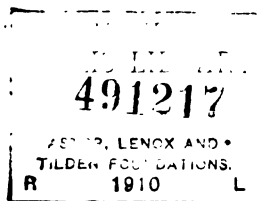
*"This is a nation of travellers, none want an excuse; if rich, they go to enjoy, if poor, to retrench; if sick to recover, if learned, to relax from their studies." Rogers*

VOL. I.



1842.

*T. C. Newby, 65 Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.*



NOV 1910

~~7075~~

914.94  
S

vol. I.

## SWITZERLAND.

---

WHAT an inconsistent thing is the human mind! at least I know that my own mind is, to use the language of one of the "Orations," in Enfield's Speaker, an "inexhaustible source of wonder and contemplation,"—it is, indeed, like the "multitudinous ocean," sometimes smooth, sometimes rough; sometimes smiling, like enchanted mirrors; sometimes frowning, like rocks in earthquake—sometimes casting up treasures on its surface, to hint at the wealth beneath, if it could but be drawn out of

its coral bed; but oftener, far oftener, exhibiting only idle foam, and worthless weeds. There are moments of good humour with myself, when I could sing the old song,

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"

but then if I ask myself, in sober sadness, what sort of a kingdom it really is, over which I may love to fancy I reign, I see that, like that of Louis Philippe, it is full of contradicting interests, principles, and parties; intriguing and plotting against each other, and vexing the general good, with

"treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

Seldom, indeed, can I prevail upon my subject ideas, or ideal subjects, to "come when I do call them," or to refrain from intruding themselves upon me, when I call them not; and never have I been more perplexed with this mixture of sterile refusal and officious suggestion, than since I have, a second time, found

myself in the character of a Traveller ; though of what description it would be difficult to decide : at any rate it is not to be found in Sterne's classification of a race of loco-motivists, which have increased so prodigiously since his time, that they would now admit of sixty, instead of the six heads under which he has endeavoured to define them.

It was accident, as we too often call the arrangements of an all-wise, and all-kind Providence, manifested in particulars, as well as in generals, that first made me a traveller ; accident, too, that was but one link in a long chain of such adverse circumstances, that the idea of noting an image, a thought, an occurrence on my way, for publication, never once entered my head. Nevertheless, the scenes through which I had to pass, were so beautiful, and peopled with so many historical recollections, and poetic legends, that my imagination could not help catching a spark of its "wonted fires," as I gazed on the objects around me,

with somewhat of the enthusiasm which, in my youthful and untried days, formed the happiness of my existence; and from time to time I found myself embodying, in prose or verse, according to the fitful fever of the moment, the feelings and reflections to which these objects gave rise.

Happening, on my return to England, to read some of my descriptions to an old acquaintance, a bookseller, to beguile, to, him the tedious operation of sitting for his portrait, he pressed me to publish the narrative of my short transit. I hesitated awhile, both on his account and my own; but, at length, I complied; for reasons of great importance to myself, and none at all to any one else."

The work was, however, received by the Public, with a degree of approbation which acquitted me to myself, as far as any thing of presumption might be concerned, in submitting my unpremeditated narration to the ordeal of its judgment, and set me at rest with respect to the interests of my bookseller. When about

to re-visit the Continent, some time after, proposals were made to me for whatsoever meditations, lucubrations, and observations I might feel inclined to bring forth *en route*. But, knowing, by experience, what insubordinate, opposing, unguidable, contradictory subjects I had to deal with, in my mental dominions, I took care not to fetter myself with engagements which, I felt, I was no way absolute monarch enough over my faculties and perceptions to command them to fulfil. And well it was for me that I did not; for surely never was mortal head more completely enshrouded and hoodwinked in the cap of dulness, than mine was, from the moment of my stepping into the *voiture* at Paris, until very lately, when a ray or two of light has seemed somewhat to illumine the palpable obscure.

Of the whole route from Paris to Lausanne, I retain no picture "in my mind's eye," no recollection whatever, except that Auxerre was very pretty, and Dole still more so; that the tombs of Jean *sans peur*, and Charles the Bold, in the Museum

at Dijon, were so beautiful, that I could willingly have spent the whole day in admiring them, and the exquisitely chiselled miniature groups, of religious orders, monks, priests, bishops, nuns and abbesses, mourning around in every varied attitude of grief — and that the Jura mountains charmed us all with their magnificent scenery, mingled with the remains of feudal greatness, and animated groups of active mountaineers, seeming to join in their habits something of the wildness of Arab freedom, with the pastoral simplicity of patriarchal life. Yes, certainly I shall not forget the grandeur and interest of these mountain scenes, from Salins, so romantic in its position, so rich in its remembrances, to Pontarlier; with their solemn pine forests, their singular habitations of wood, and their picturesque groups of woodmen and cattle, employed in transporting the giant trunks down the precipitous descents, to make

“the mast of some high admiral”

or to lend their lofty aid to the tall edifices of



public splendor; or perhaps to construct the lowly cottage, and shelter once more, as in their native forests, the sons of honest labour.

At Lausanne we were fortunate enough to procure an apartment in the Rue du Bourg, so delightfully situated, that the lovely lake with the Savoy mountains, and the dark rocks of Meillerie were all before our eyes; as well as the town itself with its fine promenades, and public buildings, and its beautiful country houses and vineyards, sloping down to the lake, with the tower of Ouchy, and the village of Pully forming pleasing varieties in the tranquil features of the beach. Nevertheless, as a residence we liked not Lausanne; it is, as the old poet says of Blois, "*pas douce, ni au monter, ni au descendre*," and the worst of it is, that of necessity, it is a perpetual scene of ascending and descending; insomuch that those who have no carriages are overcome with fatigue and heat, whenever they go out, and those who have, are annoyed by seeing their horses continually in a fever of exertion, either pulling up, or pushing

back, Then the scenery, immediately around, has a sort of full-dressed sameness about it, which, though abounding in beautiful features, does not excite the mind to any thing like healthy, liberty-breathing contemplation. The villas are moreover so thickly planted, and the occupants are so busy making morning calls, and talking of arrivals, and parties, and all the news, they can get together, that one thinks more of Cheltenham or Malvern, or any other well behaved place of fashionable resort in England, than of being among the grandest scenes in nature, in Switzerland. I often now, however, feel surprised with myself for the indolence with which I staid at home, day after day, quietly surveying the panoramic view before my eyes, without a spark of any thing beyond mere animal tranquillity; much, I imagine, resembling the frame of mind which Dr. Paley supposes to form the happiness of that respectable animal, an oyster—the oyster, however, had the advantage over me, in being submerged in salt water, instead of gasping on

the shores of a lake; and here I believe is the secret of my dissatisfaction. I must plead guilty to not liking a lake—the knowledge that it is bounded—that it leads to nothing, always deprives it of every thing like interest in my eyes—it is to me a sort of liquefied “Happy valley,” and I feel as impatient to get out of it, as Rasselas did to escape the scenes where the most anxious employment of their inhabitants was the invention of a new pleasure.

I am passionately fond of water; so much so indeed, that I cannot think any prospect fine, any residence agreeable, of which it does not form a conspicuous feature—but it must be water with all its attributes, life, motion, object, sound; and even a little brook, that runs babbling along to join some river, in its tribute to the sea, that sublime medium of universal communication is more pleasing in my eyes, than any mere sheet of water, however extensive, however richly fringed, whereon life may be lost as effectually, in case of a squall, as in the Atlan-

tic, and yet where one might toss about as long as the "Flying Dutchman," without ever finding an outlet. A lake always seems to me a kind of make-believe, a larger species of pond. I felt it so the first time I saw the lakes in Cumberland, and the only sentiment of interest they awakened in my mind, was the thought that Wordsworth had so long nursed among them his pure and lofty contemplations. I am almost ashamed to say, that the lake of Lausanne, though undoubtedly one of the most beautiful in Europe, from some perversity in my own feelings, attendant on peculiar and individual circumstances, did not at first delight me as I had expected, and instead of saying with Voltaire, as I looked on it from my windows, "*mon lac est le premier*," I could only say,

I little thought, that e'er on Lemman Lake,  
So often sung, my eyes would joyless rest,  
The rainbow tints that paint its glorious breast,  
The mighty mountains all around, that make  
Its fame magnificent ! the clouds that take  
Their midway stand about the eagle's nest,

The streaming glories of the crimsoned west,  
Seem as some "dream of one that cannot wake!"  
Flat fields and shallow brooks and northern skies  
Have brought more true enjoyment to my sight,  
And nursed more smiling visions of delight  
Than all the far-famed scenes that round me rise :  
So true it is, the MIND CREATES ITS PLACE,  
And from the HEART our happiness we trace.

Having thus made a confession, which will place me, I fear, very low in the estimation of the many, I may, perhaps, recover the good graces of a few, by acknowledging that when, after idling away six weeks at Lausanne, we were induced to remove into the neighbourhood of Vevay, I did there begin to feel something of that delightful power of deriving pleasure from associations with the scene, without which travelling has been justly stigmatized as a mere sterile necessity of change of place. The very name of Vevay had been dear to me for many years ; as the last resting place of a beloved and admired friend, who, descended from an honourable family in France, born and educated in England, united in herself whatever was most attractive and best in each country—the wit of

a Voltaire, the sensibility of a De Seigné, and the warm benevolence of social life, which has ever been, and I hope will always continue to be, the distinguishing characteristic of English women. Immediately on my arrival I bent my steps to the church of St. Martin, to seek the marble tablet erected to the memory of this dear, respected friend, by her two children, a son and daughter, who inherit all her most endearing qualities; and my eyes filled with tears, as my heart responded to the truth of the eulogium so simply, so touchingly conveyed in a quartrain, dictated by their affection.

“ Know thou, O stranger to the fame  
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name,  
For none who knew her need be told,  
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.”

It was evening when I visited the church, and the venerable sexton attended me with a light, which, too feeble to throw its rays far around, left the tomb of Ludlow, the regicide, in obscurity, and only enlightened that which I sought. The gloom harmonised with my feelings; it told of the indistinctness of human

regrets, long since out-wept, and of one spot, illumined by hope to rest upon, and trace the image of another world. Late as it was I could not turn my steps homewards without visiting the cemetery also; for there lay the mortal remains of her whose genius and worth had been recalled so vividly to my mind, by the sight of her funereal tablet; and along with them, a thousand remembrances of my youth, of that period of my life when I acknowledged the beautiful, the true, with the enthusiasm of affections yet unchilled, of confidence yet undamped. Alas! the knowledge of the world is but a sorry knowledge, after all—it is never till we need its assistance that we begin to learn its heartless deceptions, and every experience we gain respecting it, is purchased at the price of some bright imagining, a thousand times more likely to guide us in the path of good.

The cemetery is too small for the numbers that are brought within its walls; and, in consequence, after a few years' occupation of a grave by one tenant, another is introduced, whose

coffin rests without ceremony upon that of its predecessor. It jarred upon my feelings, for a moment, to be informed that the grave on which I was gazing, with all the tenderness of endearing recollections, had recently received an addition, in the body of a young military officer, who had died in a fever; but grief ought not to be sensible of outward circumstances: this young man had doubtless been wept by his parents, as she whose memory I cherish, had been wept by her children; and her own most maternal heart would have been the first, had it throbbed with life, to have sympathised in their affliction—her spirit would not have repulsed the vicinage of his, and she would have acknowledged, what at that moment I so strongly felt, that the only really enviable distinction for the dead, is the affection with which the remembrance of them may be cherished by the living. “Ah madame,” said the sexton, when I expressed my surprise at the neglected appearance of the greater number of the graves, “I am sick of *Epouses chéries*, and *regrets*



*éternels*—I see people forgotten, even before the first wreath of flowers hung upon their tombstones is faded—first and last, it often is—it was the case here,” continued he, pointing to a grave, exhibiting a headstone, whereon, in gilded characters, yet fresh, were set forth the virtues of the deceased, the lasting remembrances with which they would be cherished by her desolated niece—“the lady that lies here, at any rate had a right not to be forgotten by her niece, for she left her eighty thousand francs; yet when I asked her, the other day, to let me finish this little border round, and to place a rose-tree at this side, to answer to that on the other, according to her original directions, she told me she did not think it worth the expense. “I paid thirty batzen out of my own pocket,” he added, after a moment’s pause, “to make it respectable, for I was ashamed that passers-by should see how soon the good may be forgotten.”

It has been said of Vevay that it preserves a medium, a *juste milieu*, that most unpopular, perhaps, because most honest and rational of all

grades of public opinion, between the rusticity of the Savoyard, and the simplicity of the Valasian; the sarcastic bluntness of the Bernese, and the flattering amenity of the French. It has, likewise, another recommendation — to parents not an unimportant one whilst the education of their children may be in progress, and that is, that its inhabitants speak French with a better accent and more correct idiom than are to be found in any other part of Switzerland. Its most natural and obvious attraction, however, to strangers, is its situation; and in this respect its advantages are so strikingly superior to Lausanne that it can only be from ignorance of them that any one who comes into the country to acquire an adequate idea of its scenery and manners, rather than to enter into a dull continuation of the formalities of set dinners and *automatonical* balls, can take up their residence, in preference, at the capital of the Canton de Vaud. The sociabilities of Vevay are more home-like, its solitudes more free, its associations less hackneyed; its proxi-

mities to the lake are immediate; we are on its very brink; we may walk to the edge, and catch the ripple of the tiny waves. The aspect of the mountains is much grander, and the rocks of Meillerie are near enough to us to reflect to our imagination the spirit of Rousseau, indistinctly seen in their solemn shadows. It is impossible to be so immediately in the scenes that he loved so well, without thinking of that singularly gifted and singularly organised man, with something of the sensibility of his own character; it is impossible to wander among them without identifying them with that glorious personification of unchanging, immortal love which he has embodied in his "St. Preux." Ah indeed immortal! and if it were not for the consideration that the principle of love is deathless in itself, and must of necessity, when secured from decay and change, be indissolubly joined to eternal happiness, where could we seek consolation for feelings which, too often, of all the griefs, the trials we are doomed to endure in this brief pilgrimage, are most fertile in anguish,

most frequent in disappointment, and most unpitied! St. Preux is as perfect a picture of true, devoted, faithful love as can be drawn by human hand from human model; any thing beyond would not belong to this world. Yet some will say it is an ideal character, I grant it is; and the proof of its being so, is that the constancy is given to man, and not to woman; but it is real enough to make me forget every thing, while I contemplate it, except the depth and beauty and devotedness of its affection. There is no cause why such love *may* not exist, though it certainly does not—and as long as excellences are possible, it is always soothing and desirable to believe them not improbable.

A league from Vevay is Clarens, pretty little Clarens. Its name and position are enough to realise it sufficiently as the residence of *Julie*, to any one who has a spark of imagination. I am quite angry when I see people running about to ascertain every stick and stone in a place hallowed by genius, as the choice of its *beau ideal*, and wondering, in the peevish tones

of disappointment, how Rousseau could describe vineyards at Meillerie, and groves at Clarens ; like the traveller, who was astonished not to find Sterne's " Maria," sitting by the roadside, near Moulins, with her little dog. Of what use are such particularities—they are, indeed no more than is the " moon of oiled parchment" perched in the canvas clouds upon the stage, to the exquisite real *Shakespeare moon* which every one, gifted with a spark of poetry, sees " as bright as day," whilst he reads the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet*. It was enough for me to know myself on the ground that Rousseau thought appropriate to his *Julie*. Proudly overlooking Clarens, which was formerly its tributary and vassal, is the Château de Chatelard, on an eminence commanding the surrounding country : its sides adorned with luxuriant vineyards, contrasted by the Bay of Clarens and the Bay of Montreux, the channels of torrents not unfrequently overflowing their banks, and carrying desolation along with them ; at the foot is the glassy lake, reflecting in its

bosom, as in a mirror, the beautiful hamlets of Clarens and Montreux, the lonely Chillon, Villeneuve, St. Gingoulph, the rocks of Meillerie, and the mountains gradually sloping on the west towards Geneva; whilst on the east the view is terminated in the distance by the glaciers of Savoy. The Château itself was built in 1441, by Jean de Gingins, upon the ruins of a feudal fortress, much more ancient, where, in 1352, Charles, Duke of Savoy, was met at a banquet given by "*le Syre de Gingins*," by three hundred men at arms of his own barony, "*tous en belle ordonnance*."

In 1513 the Château was invested, and taken by troops sent from Berne and Fribourg, on account of the complaints of the surrounding country, against its "warlike lord," the Baron Francois de Gingins. This marauding chief used not only to sally forth upon the merchants and travellers passing between Vevay and Villeneuve, whose approach he could watch, step by step, from his lofty height pillaging, and taking them prisoners, but also, still fur-

ther roused the indignation of his countrymen, by acting the ungenerous part of spy over them, for the Duke de Tremomille, giving him intelligence of all their proceedings during the wars in Italy. He was taken into custody, but was shortly released, on his promise of amendment, and led a more orderly life afterwards; though it may be easily imagined he often cast

“ A longing, lingering look behind”

when at the head of his “ merry-men all,” he was forced to allow a troop of sumpter-mules heavily laden from Italy or Savoy, to pass on, unmolested.

Every thing about the Château, save the tranquillity that reigns around, recalls the memory of feudal times; its commanding situation, its towers, its massive walls, its vast hall, lighted by one single, lofty, grated window, its wide chimney, where doubtless, many a winter evening, while the keen blast whistled without, the chief and his retainers sat together, in rude mirth, or concocting plans of rapine; I con-

templated them from a little summer-house at  
an angle of the wall which had formerly served  
as a look-out, and thus my moralisings shaped  
themselves into rhyme and measure.

### CHATELARD AT NOON.

I waited whilst a hand I love pourtrayed  
The glorious amphitheatre around,  
On ancient Chatelard's high rocky mound,  
Where a proud race, full many an age, displayed  
Their warlike banner—in the dust are laid,  
Long since, that race illustrious ; and the ground  
Where once their splendors shone, their terrors frowned,  
Is now the home of humble labour made :  
A pale and aged man of look serene,  
And feeble step, within the feudal walls  
Pursued some lowly task—in the carved halls  
Where princes met, were baby faces seen ;  
And as I sat, and mused on by-gone years,  
An antique fountain poured its murmurings on mine ears.

### CHATELARD AT SUNSET.

I fingered, though the sun was hastening down ;  
Romantic Clarens glittered in the vale,  
And lonely Chillon told its gloomy tale  
Of tyranny and woe ; the solemn frown  
Of Meilleraie's dark rocks, and hamlets brown  
Mixed with the empurpled lake and silver sail,  
Swelled with the freshness of the rippling gale,



And giant shadows, o'er the waters thrown :  
Far round I saw the snow-capped mountains rise,  
Coheirs with time, and mating with the skies ;  
Mysterious witnesses of Nature's laws,  
And guardians of her secrets ! Shades of night,  
Well-timed ye came, to rest my straining sight,  
And give my eager fancy leave to pause !

---

A quarter of a league from Clarens, is the village of Montreux, the first place in Switzerland where the flag of liberty was raised by the French in 1798. It is situated on the slope of a mountain of the same name, edged by a rocky torrent ; being entirely sheltered from the north wind, it may be supposed peculiarly calculated for a winter's residence. Indeed, English families begin to resort to it for that purpose ; but I should imagine the inconveniences attendant upon its steep ascents and descents, the discomforts of the houses, and the distance it is from any town, where the little accidental wants of every-day life may be supplied, must more than counterbalance any advantage its position may have over that of Vevay. It is, however, much sought by the Genevese, on

account of the perceptible difference of climate ; insomuch that when there have been two or three feet of snow at Geneva, there have been only as many inches at Montreux. It is also crowded with invalids during the summer months ; a course of grapes being as earnestly recommended in the Canton de Vaud, for consumptive patients, as goats' whey in England ; and it is frequently attended with the happiest results to those who try it, by dint of eating from six or eight to twelve pounds per diem of the juicy regimen.

The inhabitants are exceedingly industrious, the women fully as much so as the men ; they are the finest people, personally speaking, in the Canton de Vaud ; they are, moreover, rich, and they display the wealth they derive from their wines, their mountain pasturages, and their commerce in cheese, just as one would wish to see it displayed, in the class to which they belong ; their clothing, that first mark of decent prosperity, is excellent ; the men wear blue cloth jackets and trowsers, the women

black boddices, white sleeves, and coloured petticoats, or white on Sundays ; with neat aprons, and their own peculiar pointed-crowned straw hats, something like a beehive ; very becoming nevertheless, when put on coquettishly on one side, with a little black lace cap underneath ; every market day the road to Vevay is thronged with these substantial personages, jolting along in solid, well-built cars, in which they take their Sunday pleasure also ; the good condition of their horses showing, undeniably, the scale of their own competency.

In this country, distance is measured by time, a proof that time is valuable ; the average is a league to an hour. Of course the exactitude of this computation depends on the manner in which the pedestrian *steps out* ; if he does not put his best foot foremost, he must add to the calculation, accordingly. A traveller asking an old man, at Montreux, the distance from that place to Aigle, the old man replied, " walk fifty paces, and I will tell you." In

the Valais, they go even farther, they measure by paces ; thus they count sixty thousand from St. Maurice to Geneva, and estimate the entire length of the Canton at two hundred thousand. Montreux is fortunate in having for its pastor, the venerable Philip Bridel ; an excellent man, whose pen has been for more than half a century alternately employed in describing the beauties of his native country, with all the zeal of a naturalist, and the imagination of a poet, and in instructing his flock by discourses replete with the most affectionate sentiments and the purest morality. Over the poor-box, on the terrace, close to the church, is an appeal to the charity of the passers by, in a quatrain of his own, which gives it additional weight in the eyes of those who are acquainted with his virtues—

“ Toi, qui viens admirer nos rians paysages,  
En passant, jette ici ta pite aux malheureux,  
Et le Dieu, dont la main dessina ces rivages,  
Te benira, des cieux.”

Half a league beyond Montreux, we come to

Chillon, still coasting the delicious lake, for here it is indeed delicious, with the magnificent mountains of the Valais and Savoy full before us, and at every turn varying their aspects and their shadows. The name of Chillon is familiar to the English, since it has been the theme of Lord Byron's muse. The castle stands upon a rock at the edge of the lake, with an air of melancholy insulation, opposite to the Alps of Savoy. It was built in 1238 by Pierre, Duke of Savoy; before the introduction of artillery, it was deemed impregnable, and was used by the Dukes of Savoy as a state prison, to the terror and oppression of their subjects. The most illustrious of its captive inmates, "the Prisoner of Chillon," *par excellence*, was Francis de Bonnivard, seigneur of Lunnes, born at Seyssel, in 1496. He studied at Turin, and whilst little more than a youth, his uncle resigned to him the wealthy priory of St. Victor, close to the walls of Geneva; which city became, from that period, the

country of his adoption and choice; and to its interests he devoted his time, his fortune, and his talents during the remainder of his life; a priest without bigotry, a ruler without tyranny, he raised his voice equally in favour of civil and religious liberty, and protested alike against the oppressions of the Duke of Savoy and of the Bishop of Geneva. Being betrayed into the hands of the Duke, he was retained prisoner by him at Grolee two years, at the end of which time he escaped, and renewed his exertions in the cause of liberty. Nine years afterwards, in crossing the Jura, he was unfortunate enough to fall in with robbers, who pillaged him, and gave him up once more to the power of the Duke, by whom he was thrown into a dungeon in this castle of Chillon, where, for six years, in the very prime of his life, the full energy of his faculties, in one of the most spirit-stirring and important epochs in the history of the human race, he was condemned to solitude, silence, ignorance of everything that was passing in the sacred cause to which his

presence had been so essential, in the success of which his whole soul was absorbed. What a state for an ardent spirit, a grasping mind like his, to which even a single day's voluntary inactivity would have been impossible! Well might he wear away the rock beneath his feet, as may yet be seen, as he tracked his cell up and down, to the dismal and monotonous measure of the waves that beat over his head; sometimes seeking to beguile the sad realities of his fate, by plunging his fancy into the fields of imagination, and composing poems and tragedies—all very naturally tinctured with the peculiar hues of his own situation! How much more affecting is the truth of this single figure, in his solitary abandonment, than all the overstrained attempts at effect in Lord Byron's poem, where whole groups of the same family are introduced, chained within each others' sight, and dying before each others' eyes. The "Satanic school," as Southey has justly denominated a certain tribe of modern poets, like to sup full of horrors, but those of a more healthy

appetite are better nourished on simple viands.

At length the time of Bonnivard's deliverance arrived. Berne, in order to bring about the subjugation of the Canton de Vaud, resolved to gain possession of Chillon. It was defended by a good garrison within, and without by a frigate, which cruised constantly in its sight: it was, therefore, concerted between the Genevese and the Bernese, that, at the same moment, the former should attack it by water, the latter by land. Accordingly the Genevese secretly got together all their vessels and boats, and on the 29th of March, 1536, the little squadron, manned by a hundred men, set off, at the time appointed. At the sight of it in the distance, the Savoyard frigate spread its white sails, and flew to the opposite shore—the Genevese, beholding this, immediately imagined it was taking away the prisoners from the castle, to immure them in some stronger hold in Savoy; and a band of men was dispatched in all haste from Geneva, to scour that side of the lake, and gain



intelligence of these their kindred and friends. Meanwhile, the garrison surrendered at the first fire of the Bernese artillery; the soldiers rushed in; the captives were set free, and Bonnivard had the happiness to see the Genevese flag waving over his head; to find his chains broken, by Genevese hands; to see around him countenances beaming with affection and admiration; to hear on all sides words of consolation and hope. “*Ajoutez-y les cris de joie, les serremens de mains, les fraternelles étreintes, les yeux humides de tendresse; puis le grand air, puis le beau lac, et le ciel; puis Genève, et la liberté! Beau jour pour tous.*” Such is the real history of the captive of Chillon.

---

I saw the vaulted dungeon, where of old,  
Savoy's proud Dukes relentlessly immured  
The victims of their hate. Too long endured  
Its grates, its bolts, its chains! each pillar told  
Some dismal tale of lingering death, or cold  
Base midnight murder; ready aid secured  
The accomplice waves; their blue profound ensured  
A grave more secret than the new-raised mould:

But when the tyrant caught **THEE** in his toils,  
Brave Bonnivard, he recked not that he wove  
A web for his own greatness ; that his spoils  
Should be despoiled,—yes, 'twas for thee to prove  
In thy triumphant rescue, soon or late,  
The people's voice becomes the voice of Fate.

---

The water is said to be 800 French feet in depth at the foot of the castle, and it is colder than in other parts of the lake. It is here that Rousseau has chosen to make his Julie precipitate herself into the water, to save her child ; had he drowned her outright, then and there, her death would have been more easy to herself, and more satisfactory to his readers ; but it is difficult to make an author understand the full value of the Duke's pithy remark, in " Twelfth Night,"—

" Enough, no more---"

Of course, we were shewn the letters BYRON, cut deep in the rock, by the hand as it is said, of the poet himself. As the operation must have required some hours, and as it is pretended, also, that he literally wrote a considerable part of his poem, in the dungeon

itself, one may be pardoned for doubting that he did more than trace his name on the spot, in characters afterwards rendered indelible by some Swiss fist ; most likely that of the *concierge* to whom Lord Byron ordered a sovereign to be given, with a strict injunction to the boatmen to tell him that it came from a lord and a peer of England ; the boatmen in vain said five francs would be more than enough—it was not enough for the vanity which often contested with avarice, in the heart of this highly gifted, but not high-minded man.

At the head of the lake about a mile from Chillon is Villeneuve. Its immediate vicinity was the scene of the famous victory of the Tigurini over the Roman army A. C. 107, which encouraged the Barbarians of the north to quit their homes five years afterwards, and sally forth *en masse* to cross the Alps, under the idea of making themselves masters of Italy.

In the time of the Romans, it was an important military station, and in the middle ages

it was the central point of the most frequented route into Italy. Every week might be seen caravans and parties of all conditions and both sexes, arriving there from Burgundy, Lorraine, Flanders, the borders of the Rhine, and even the borders of the Thames; led by commerce, curiosity, or devotion, to cross the mountains in order to present themselves in the "Eternal City." Whatever might be their vocations, most of the travellers in those days assumed the garb of pilgrims, as a security against the brigands who infested the intervening countries; insomuch that to cross the Alps in safety, it was deemed advisable to go in bodies of three or four hundred at a time. In the year 1236 the hospital, called the Hotel Dieu was founded in the town by Aimon, the fourth of the nine sons of Thomas, Count of Savoy; expressly for the relief of the poor, the sick and the pilgrims; and so considerable were the demands made on the hospitality of this benevolent institution, that, at times, six hundred pounds of bread were given away by it, in one single day;

and there were frequently more than one hundred sick travellers within its walls, all ministered to with the tenderest humanity. The worthy founder himself did not escape the sufferings he was so anxious to alleviate in his fellow creatures. He long languished under an incurable disease, and dying in the fortieth year of his age, was buried, according to his desire, in the chapel of his hospital.

It is, indeed, probable that the circumstance of his own bad health was the origin of the establishment he so munificently endowed for the solace of others; as appears from the account quaintly given of him in the ancient "Chronicle of Savoy:"—"When the Count Amé was arrived in his country of Savoy," says the Chronicler, "he found his brother Aimon labouring under a grievous malady; so that he sent to search out doctors and surgeons in divers places, in order to cure him, and restore him to his wonted health. And so it was that many good doctors, physicians, and *mathematicians* were found, who knew well their

duty; nevertheless, neither by their art, nor by any medicament that they could order him, could they raise him from his bed; whereon he remained a year, always sick and languishing, and becoming daily more weak and feeble in his body. Wherefore the Lord Aimon seeing himself very weak, and very little approaching to convalescence of health, he said to the Count Amé, his brother, and to Monsieur Pierre of Savoy, also his brother, 'I pray you,' says he, 'that you will be pleased to bestow upon me some solitary place, where I may use godlily the remainder of my days; for the noise and tumult of much people about me is far more than I can bear.' 'I will tell you, dear brother,' said Monsieur Pierre, 'I have caused a very fine castle to be built, and constructed, called *Chilloing*, in Chablois, on the lake, which is in good air, and as solitary as you can desire; it is moreover strong, and sure to hold out against our enemies, you can therefore go to it freely, and govern all that country; for I cannot at present, give my attention in the same

manner that you can to our affairs.' And in this way was Monsieur Aimon honourably conducted to the said place, where he remained many days at the said castle of Chilloing in Chablois; and from that place could see, quite well, the pilgrims pass by, that were going from France to *Romine*, and gave them to eat and drink, with heart and good will, and furnished them with money for their necessities on the road; and inasmuch as he had not room to lodge and harbour them there, conveniently, he ordered to be built a fine chapel in front of the gate of Villeneuve, which he erected in honor of God, and the glorious Virgin Mary, and close to that spot, he also caused a hospital to be erected, in order that the poor pilgrims, who were passing that way, should be charitably gathered together therein, and ministered unto; and in the same manner, he placed and ordained secular chaplains, for to serve God, and convenient servants for to serve the poor, and attend to their necessities; and when this hospital was perfected, Aimon of Savoy saw clearly

that his disease would get the mastery over him; for which reason, he set out from Chilling, and went out into the valley of Illiaz, upon a rock, between St. Maurice, and Monthey, where was a little church, and there finished his last days; and when the Count Amé of Savoy, and Monsieur Pierre, heard of the death of their brother, they were seized with such a grief at it, that for a long time they would neither eat nor drink."

It is pleasing to relieve by this little antique picture, as good as any that Froissart has left us, the gloomy association always uppermost in the mind, at the sight of Chillon; to contemplate the image of the benevolent knight with his pallid visage of suffering and resignation, looking through the narrow window, watching the pilgrims from afar, and his heart suggesting to him, as they approached, such as from their faltering steps, or weight of years, might seem to require his succour. Anxiously looked out for, no doubt, was the castle itself, at the turn of the winding road, by many a weary wanderer,



when the good Lord Aimon was its occupant ; even yet, while the names of the ambitious and tyrannical of his race have fallen into oblivion, his own is linked with deeds of charity. The funds with which he originally endowed the hospital at Villeneuve were greatly increased in after times, by gifts and legacies from illustrious families ; and also by the money and jewels found from time to time, in the garments and girdles of the pilgrims, who died within its sheltering walls. These funds have been transferred of late years, towards the support of the cantonal hospital, at Lausanne ; the opening of other routes into Italy, and the decrease of pilgrimages, having rendered the original object of the institution of Villeneuve little more, within the last century, than a dead letter.

A quarter of a mile from Vevay is La Tour de Peilz, built in 1239, by Peter of Savoy, and known to the admirers of Rousseau, as the birth place of his early patroness and invaluable friend, Madame de Warrens. The situation pleased us, as combining the freedom of a village

with the comforts of a town, and bringing us somewhat nearer the precincts we best love to explore, without the formality of going through streets to arrive at them. Here therefore, we resolved to take up our abode for some time ; and were fortunate enough to find a residence exactly to our tastes. It was at the extremity of the town, or village, yet not a stone's throw from the church and fountain. It commanded a beautiful view of the lake, and the mountains of Savoy ; the town of Vevay, with the spire of St. Martin rising above ; the hamlets scattered on the sloping sides of La Vaud ; and the road, thronged with peasantry, and vocal with the bells of mules and cattle. Behind was a little kitchen-garden, full of fruits and flowers, and at the side a grassy walk, shaded with chesnut-trees, and skirted by a vineyard. Besides these *agréments* it had another, almost worth all the rest, namely one of those covered galleries which add so much to the size and airiness of the Swiss houses ; whence we might not only overlook our own tiny domain, and home-scene,

but the country far and wide—luxuriate in the grandeur of the storms, without fear of being exposed to their fury, and contemplate the latest ray of a glowing sunset, or the last glimmering of twilight, free from any disquieting calculations of time or distance. In this gallery we often spent our evenings, but oftener still we went to the terrace of the old tower, to watch at our leisure the glorious sun sinking behind the Jura ; and there, with our books, or fishing-rods, we frequently passed hour after hour, till day light faded from the skies, and the white sail could no longer be discerned, though the splashing of the fisherman's oar still remained to sooth our ears, whilst the mountains closing all around the extremity of the lake, seemed to shut us up, as in a world to ourselves.

Some author, I forget who, for the misfortune is, that when one has been cramming one's memory for half a century it at last rejects more than it retains, somebody, however, has said, " that few people know how to take a walk," nevertheless it is a knowledge well

worth attaining, and one on the full possession of which I specially pique myself. For this reason I willingly accepted a challenge which my husband gave me one day, to join him in a promenade from La Tour de Peilz to Lausanne, a distance of about twelve miles, nearly all the way on the ascent. So off we set, in a most lovely morning at the latter end of March; which month on this occasion resolved to "go out like a lamb," as it had "come in like a lion," and like a Swiss lion too, which does not at all

"roar you, like any nightingale."

the proverb here, says

"Bise de Mars, et vent d'Avil,  
"Font la richesse du pays."

Those, however, who have nothing to do with the riches of the country, but the honour of contributing towards them *en passant*, do not find this opinion sufficiently consolatory for the blasts that search them through and through. Nevertheless, this day we had no-

thing to complain of; the air was at once mild and fresh, the "little bird of the breezes," as the Finnish language prettily terms the bee, hummed in our ears, and the sulphur butterfly, flew before us, like a winged primrose, rejoicing to be among the foremost to coquet with the zephyrs, which were as soft and gentle as if they knew what pretty heralds of the spring they had to disport with.

Our gradual ascent towards Lausanne discovered some new beauty at every step; the snow still clothed the summits of the mountains of Savoy and the Valais, with dazzling splendor; but on the Jorat, at the foot of which we were pursuing our way, it was rapidly melting; sometimes pouring from the heights in foaming cascades, sometimes trickling in silver lines through the rocky crevices, bathing the thousand mosses and lichens in their way, and filling rivulets and bubbling runnels with music. This delightful gushing of waters gives Switzerland, early in spring, a peculiar interest, which

most tourists, who naturally choose the long summer days for their excursions, of necessity lose. Perhaps there is no country in the world of which it may be oftener said—

“ And torrents gush’d, and rivulets play’d,  
And fountains spouted in the shade---”

none where the management of water for all the purposes of ornament and utility is better understood. The inhabitants grudge neither trouble nor expense in the distribution of this blessing. They bring it from the mountain springs in pipes formed of the hollow trunks of pines, for miles; they lead it in aqueducts, collect it in reservoirs, turn it from its bed, and pour it over the land as it is wanted; but above all, the number of fountains in the towns and villages, and even on the public roads, form a most striking feature, delightful to the ear, the eye, and the mind; not only by the sparkling freshness and soothing murmurs of the waters themselves, as they gush around, but

also from the images of cleanliness, refreshment, and health, associated with them. To be sure, there is one inconvenience attending these pretty fountains; they are to the women what the blacksmiths' shops are to the men—the meeting place for interminable gossip—*tant pis* for the *ménage*! above all, for the impatient mistresses—but then, again, what charming groups of figures—women washing, cattle drinking, girls filling pails and walking off with them on their heads, with stately measured steps, like the princesses of Homer's days; *tant mieux* for the painter!

On we went, listening to these sounds of many waters, and ever and anon, stopping to greet the lizards, who were popping out of their holes, in the rocky walls, or winding round the stems of the pines on the road side, till we came to the ancient town of St. Saphorin; where a mile-stone of the date of the Emperor Claudius, bearing on it the inscription, “XXXVII. thousand paces to Avenches,” still remains, to attest the march of the Romans through its

narrow streets. This mile-stone is now placed in the church, along with a marble altar, lately discovered, which seems to have been dedicated to Fortune, in return for the happy termination of a journey under the favorable auspices of that fickle lady. The most interesting remains of antiquity in the town itself are to be found in the winding passages and arched gateways near the beach—among them, accordingly, we descended : my husband was soon enamoured of a tower and portal, with terraced vineyards and peasants at their labour ; on the right, one of the beautiful Savoy boats, skimming the glittering lake to the left, and sumpter-mules slowly ascending in the middle ground—he took out his pallet and colours, and was straightway entranced in sketching ; at all times the *poetry* of an art, which, however delightful, taken altogether, has, like every thing else, its *prose* also. Whilst he was thus employed I scolded the boys and girls, who lounged around us, for their idleness ; and asked the girls if they were not ashamed of not having their knitting with



them ; for in this country, knitting needles are as indispensable an appendage to the fingers of the women, as a pipe is to the lips of the men. When I had exhausted my remonstrances, I began to think the urchins had as good a right to be enjoying the fine day in their way, with making ducks and drakes, and paddling in the water, as we had in ours ; so I made room for them, to see what we were about ; and whilst they were staring over our shoulders, I quietly took out my pencil and pocket book, and made a sketch after my own fashion.

When thus, fair Leman, on thy banks I rove,  
My rapt soul seems at last a part of thee,  
In sympathy conjoined, like long tried friends.  
Surely these cloud-capped heights that guard thee round,  
Were once the dwelling-place of giant gods,  
Who, when the world was young, there revelled oft ;  
Whilst from the bright o'erflowing of their cups,  
Sprang the glad vine, in wild luxuriance, round,  
To bless e'en mortal banquets with a power  
To make like to the gods the joyous soul.  
These ancient castles, on the mountains piled,  
Transport my fancy back to ages past :  
I people them with beauteous high-born maids,  
Proud lords, and warriors mailed, and captives sad  
Who in lone dungeon linger out their days.

Still on the roofless walls, I seem to see  
The quartered banner wave ; still the steep paths  
I could imagine thronged with armed troops.  
But now, in place of all this feudal pomp,  
This vassal homage, this ancestral pride,  
The hardy peasant his laborious toil,  
And simple occupation, calm pursues :  
Instead of galleys armed for war and woe,  
Boats, fairy-like in form, and light as air,  
O'er thy resplendent bosom swiftly bear  
The purple produce of thy laughing hills,  
And peace, blest peace smiles on thy verdant shores.  
Thy rocks, thy crag-crown'd heights remain the same,  
But all around has felt the changeful hand  
Of Mutability---resistless power !  
That rules the forms of things, the fates of men.  
Thank we not then, the Giver of all Good,  
Immortal, Infinite. amid his works,  
For the great mercies tendered by his hand ?  
We do ! and joyfully our voices raise  
In Hallelujahs, grateful, loud, and long !

---

By the time I had finished this effusion my husband had also finished his sketch—we complimented each other, for policy's sake, on our respective performances, and pursued our way. It was not without concern that we saw, as we proceeded, workmen busy pulling down some of

the ancient gateways, to widen the ingress and egress: it is very natural for the good people not to like to have to jostle against each other, in passing through these remnants of "dry antiquity;" and very natural for lovers of the picturesque, who saunter through them once or twice in their life time, not to like to see them threatened with destruction.

As we came again upon the high road we could not but comment, with wondering admiration, on the astonishing industry which the vineyards exhibit, as they climb up the steep sides of the Jorat, one above another, for the extent of three leagues; to the amount in some parts, from the extremity nearest the lake to the topmost, of forty terraces. They are supported by strong walls, and ascended by steep and narrow steps, cut out with incredible labour, though not wide enough to admit more than one person at a time. The same economy of ground may be observed in the high road, which is so narrow as barely to

admit of two carriages passing: so valuable is every inch of land in this most favorable situation of any in the Canton de Vaud for the vine, which never comes to perfection excepting on the side of a hill. The price of vineyard ground of the best quality is about five hundred pounds per acre; an enormous sum when the relative value of money, and the great expense of cultivation are taken into consideration. The vines require incessant attention; it is only when they are covered with snow, that they may be said to be left to themselves. The poor labourers have no more than fifteen sous per day, although they go into the vineyards at four in the morning, and remain till dark, with only the intervals of three half-hours for rest and refreshment; yet the number of hands required, renders wages, even at this moderate rate of individual recompense, a serious matter of calculation. To set against these expenses, every part of the vine and its produce is brought into requisition; nothing is deemed useless; nothing thrown away. The stalks and leaves

are given to the cattle, and the husks, after they have been pressed, are wedged into round moulds, and when dried, are used for fuel; throwing out a bright heat, when thoroughly ignited, like turf or peat. Indian corn is likewise planted between the rows of the vines, in order to economise the ground to the utmost, the vines striking deep into the earth, and the corn requiring only shallow root. The vineyards in this district were originally planted by the monks of the rich Abbey of Hauterive, and many curious documents remain of the proceedings of the good fathers, with respect to the management and amelioration of them.

St. Saphorin, Cully, Lutri, and indeed all the towns on this side of the lake, between Vevay and Lausanne, vie with each other in the produce of the grape, but the palm is generally given to St. Saphorin. A square foot of first-rate ground is there calculated to produce a pot of wine, that is to say, two bottles. Some of these wines will keep for sixty, and

even a hundred years. We tasted some at the Château de Lutri, which the owner informed us was sixty years of age; its flavour was very agreeable, of the Rhenish sort, and its body sufficiently potent to please even a Swiss.

The art of distinguishing the various vintages of the country by the palate, so as to name immediately each separate produce, is considered no small accomplishment, among the Swiss, and it is one which, to do them justice, they sedulously endeavour to obtain by practice, which, according to the school adage, “makes perfect.”

“The cellar of some of our houses,” says a Swiss *water drinker*, a *rara avis* in the country, “is more inhabited than any other part of the dwelling. The master descends into it at ten o’clock in the morning—there he exercises his hospitality to any casual visitor; there he treats of the affairs of the Commune; there he goes again, as soon as he has dispatched his dinner, to see that nothing has happened to the casks during his absence; and, in order to ascertain it,

he tastes them all in due succession, and with profound consideration, generally prolonging his enquiries till the moment when the *Guet* begins to cry his rounds, at which time he leaves his quarters, with as much difficulty as reluctance, to find his way to bed." With so much predilection for this compartment, we may readily believe it is carefully attended to in point of comfort; and it is not at all uncommon, at dinner parties, for gentlemen to be invited, after having got pretty well seasoned in the *salle à manger*, to adjourn to the cellar, to finish their debates; there they find lamps lighted, and the table duly set out with glasses differing from those they have been emptying above stairs only in being double the size; and probably soon appearing to most of the party double in number also.

The extent of some of the cellars is enormous. At the château Ste Lucie they are capable of holding twelve hundred loads of wine, that is to say more than a million bottles; whether they have ever been entirely full tradition does not

say, but it is too well known, to the grief of the neighbourhood, that, at present, they are entirely empty.

It is said that the old wine casks emit a fresh perfume when the grapes come into flower. This fanciful notion is so curious an elucidation of the doctrine of sympathies, that one would not refute it if one could, and in my willingness to believe it, the whole place seemed to me redolent with fragrance.

The terraced vineyards were now animated again with the joyous faces, and cheerful songs of the labourers, whose employment the fine weather had permitted them to resume. This is a task of real pleasure to old and young alike; *à travailler les vignes* is the occupation they delight in the most; and every one we met spoke of the pleasure of beginning it afresh. The day was splendid; the sky, one deep blue, yet made pale by that still deeper of the lake, contrasted as it was, by the silver sails that glittered on it in all directions: the heights crowned with ancient towers, or substantial



farm-houses varied their features at every turn, and the Jura stretching far beyond, almost made us amends, by the force of early prepossession in favor of its beauties, for the magnificent mountains of the Valais, and the rocks of Meillerie on which we were compelled reluctantly to turn our backs. At length, however, we began to find our admiration of all the surrounding objects, surveyed as they now were in the heat of the day, somewhat exhausting, we therefore proposed to halt about half way, at Cully, and to beguile the period of rest and inaction by dining.

The chance accommodations in Switzerland are generally as bad as they are dear; but we were, on this occasion, fortunate enough to find a little room that looked upon the lake, and a breast of veal ready ragooed, in very good style; for which, with smoked sausages, salad, cheese, dessert, and a bottle of the best wine of the place, we paid twenty batzen for both of us, that is to say half a crown English; an instance of moderation in this country,

which generally preys upon strangers in the most unconscionable manner, well worthy of record. We were waited upon by a pretty little girl, thirteen years of age; she was in deep mourning for her mother, and lamented her irreparable loss in such affectionate terms, and wept with such artlessness of sorrow, that I had well nigh wept too: to make it worse, her father had already given her a step-mother, in place of her deceased parent. I tried to persuade her it might be for her advantage, as the Dame looked a good sort of body enough, and must have possessed qualities of a more solid nature than youth or beauty, to either of which she had evidently relinquished any pretensions; but she shook her head, and said her own mother was so good, nobody could be like her. She added that she should feel better if she could but get out *pour travailler les vignes*; because she had been used to do it at her mother's side, and did not feel so unhappy in the open air: there she was right; grief is never so insupportably oppressive as when shut

up within walls. I had the satisfaction to make the poor child smile before we parted, and we went cheerily on our walk, with our shadows lengthening before us, in the declining sun, and a delicious coolness succeeding to the heat of the day. We turned to look towards the Valais, and never shall I forget the glorious sight of the reflections in the lake! at first glance they appeared like gigantic palaces of ivory, with walls and ramparts of gold, a tale of enchantment, the creation of a wizard; but surveyed more steadily, in their immoveable solidity, they displayed so exact a fac-simile of the realities from which they drew their temporary existence, that the Dent de Jaman, the Naye, the Tours d'Ai et de Mayen, the Dent du Midi, the Dent de Morcles, and all the magnificent panorama around, every distant mountain, every peak, summit, ravine, and winding course, might be traced in them as in a map; producing a marvellous feeling of double existence; a solemn figure of the spiri-

tual and material world, so closely joined, though in union invisible; which will one day be made as evident to our perception, as was this admirable effect of appearance, from reality: the brightness, the solidity, the depth, the accuracy of this scene, stretching all around the bay of the lake, as far as eye could discern, is not to be described; for what description could awaken the devotional feelings of reverence for the adorable Creator of things visible and invisible, material and immaterial, which the contemplation of it excited in our hearts! Wordsworth could have done it justice, perhaps, in his verse, so pure, so holy, so full of thoughts that

“ often lie too deep for tears.”

And then ever and anon, whilst we gazed on the still creation, we heard a sound, distant and deep, which we liked to imagine might be the fall of avalanches, amongst some of those very mountains of Savoy which were now reflected at our feet, though at a distance of forty miles.

Reluctantly we turned away from objects that looked as if they were destined to endure for ever, and yet which the pigeon of the lake could in an instant have thrown into disorder by the dipping of its wing. As we proceeded along the beach, the scene gradually changed into all the softness of a Claude. The little town of Lutri on the very edge of the lake, was reflected on its surface in deep shadow; beyond, on another projecting point of land, was the tower of Ouchy; farther still, on the declivity of the hill glistened the pinnacles of Lausanne; the distance was defined by the waving line of the Jura mountains, behind which the sun had just hidden one half of his flaming sphere, whilst his rays, streaming over the summits, involved the far-off objects in a light golden mist: it was just what a picture should be; a succession of distances, and gradations; the lake glowed with purple and orange, and a little dark boat, with a single figure in it, relieved the dazzling brilliance of the brighter portion. Above us, to the right, were the dis-

mantled Château de Beauchat, and one of the ancient towers of Queen Bertha; that venerated name with which the Swiss associate their most cherished ideas of national prosperity and feminine excellence; "everything was right," they say, "in the days when Bertha spun;" for the good Queen, mindful of Solomon's enumeration of the characteristics of a virtuous woman, not only stretched out her hands to the poor, and held them forth to the needy, but also laid them to the spindle, and literally held the distaff; not only whilst she superintended the erection of the châteaux, which she built throughout the country, for its civilisation and defence, but likewise when she rode on horseback; as her saddle, still preserved at Payerne, shews by the hole in the pommel of it, for the reception of that instrument of good housewifery. An ancient seal of her reign also represents her sitting on her throne, with her distaff in her hand.

From Lutri, we continued our way through Villette and Pully. All those places now so

peaceful, were formerly much annoyed by the inhabitants of the Gruyères: provoked by previous insolence of the vine dressers, who frequently used to rush out upon them, and attack them as they were peaceably passing along the road, they occasionally crossed the mountains in troops of one or two hundred at a time, travelling all night, in order to ravage the vineyards at break of day, when they would elude their enraged pursuers by taking their flight across the Jorat. At last, emboldened by success, two thousand men, from the Gessenai, poured down, all at once, upon La Vaud; but this giving somewhat too serious an aspect to these rustic brawls, Berne and Fribourg interfered, and put an end to further hostilities.

Upon the heights of La Vaud the Tour de Gourze serves as a point of observation for all the country round. A long ascent from Lutri conducts to it, through roads of which the scenery compensates for their roughness; particularly as they terminate in lovely meadows, which, when we traversed them were covered

with a profusion of flowers, of a thousand dyes, relieved by the pale and graceful Narcissus, waving over them in every direction. The tower itself stands on a steep mound ; it was built by Queen Bertha, in the middle of the tenth century, as a protection for the country people against the incursions of the Moors and Saracens ; who, at that time, masters of Spain and a part of Italy, possessed themselves of divers passes in the Alps, and fortifying them with strong-holds, sallied forth from them upon pilgrims, merchants, and travellers, until the defiles of Dauphiny, Savoy, and the Valais could no longer be ventured upon, except by numerous caravans, guarded with considerable escorts. Not content with their marauding enterprises within the immediate districts of the Alps, they proceeded to over run the Pays de Vaud, and Neufchâtel, and even Burgundy ; destroying all before them with fire and sword, and making themselves, for fifty years, the terror of the country, until William, Duke of Arles, attacking them with numerous troops, in



many places at the same time, forced them from their strong-holds, and entirely exterminated them. It was during the interval between their first appearance and their overthrow, that the castles of which the Canton de Vaud exhibits so great a number, were chiefly erected. Many of them display strong proofs of Moorish influence in their architecture; particularly the Château de Wufflens, near Morges; which, if transported by some enchanter's wand into Grenada, would look quite as much adapted for its place as it does now, for the country it so proudly overlooks. The Tour de Gourze, however, like most of those rude and hasty structures, was a mere citadel for temporary shelter; it had neither gate nor door, and the only way of entering it was by ladders, which the people who took refuge in it drew up after them, and repulsed the enemy from the top, until the beacon fires, seen from its summit far and near, in that elevated situation, procured them assistance. The walls are of amazing thickness, but are shattered in some places by

the strokes of lightning, to which, from its lofty and insulated position, it is particularly exposed. Of this we could form some idea, from having had the good fortune, if I may express myself so *artistically*, to watch from it the progress of a thunder storm, nursing up between the Dent d'Ouche and the Dent du Midi, gradually changing the fleecy clouds,

“ The beauteous figures of a flock at rest,”

to raven masses, retaining all the grandeur of their forms, and only receiving a sublimer tone from the change in their colouring; the lake borrowing here a dark purple from the reflection of the overshadowed mountains, there a lovely green from the spots still left in light; whilst far around, the Cantons of Berne and Fribourg projected their peaked outlines, and hill and dale, vineyard, meadow, wood, and lake lay extended beneath our feet, in a thousand varieties of light and shadow, as flying clouds and distant sunshine mingled their effect with the brief glories of the lightning.

We were obliged to quicken our steps, in order to reach Lausanne, whilst we had yet light enough to perceive our path; the little crescent moon gleamed high over the Jura awhile, but was soon lost amid the brighter rays of the stars that came out one by one around it, till the firmament was "fretted with golden fires," making a glorious finish to a day of surpassing loveliness.

---

Directly opposite the windows of my bedroom, the Pleiau spread its broad breast, and continually drew my eyes towards its summit. One morning, therefore, in June, we rose at three, determined to explore its heights, in company with two very agreeable English ladies, whose society added much to the pleasures of our excursion. Passing by the church, we followed a steep and stony path, until we arrived at the ancient château de Blonay; standing on an almost perpendicular eminence, with

its walls, its towers, its terraced gardens ; the church and village close under its protection. This château has been for more than six centuries the cradle and the residence of the illustrious family whose name it bears ; yet, strange to say, they at the present time possess no records, no family portraits, and whatever antiquity the interior of the castle might have displayed, is completely effaced by modern paint, whitewash, and an attempt at fashionable furniture. It is only in the cast of countenance, one of the most interesting and *spirituel* I have seen in Switzerland, that we can look for any remains of the high and chivalrous character, by which this race has been distinguished for so many generations. We were not sorry to exchange the uniformity of the vineyards, and the disagreeableness generally attendant upon them, of walking in narrow stony roads, between walls too high to see any thing beyond them, for orchards and fields of corn, which made a novel variety in the landscape. Firs now began to skirt the sides of the acclivities, and we

shortly reached the *Joretta*, a small forest of young trees, the descendants of a race which were torn up by the roots in a violent storm, somewhat more than half a century ago ; light clouds varied, without veiling, the scene, and hung half way round the superb Dent du Midi, shewing its summits above them, in astonishing radiance. At every step of our mountain path the beauties of the surrounding objects appeared under new forms : there only wanted the presence of the cattle to complete the interest of the scene ; but they had gone into the higher regions, and we were left to imagine how well they would have looked around the châteaux, with which the lovely valleys were thickly strewn. At one of these châteaux, insulated from the rest, on the slope of the Pleiau, or *Pleiades*, as it is more poetically termed, from that constellation hanging over it, we found an old woman between seventy and eighty years of age, who lived there entirely alone ; she was reading the bible, which she said was her sole companion, and unceasing delight. She was “*terriblement*

*contente*," she said ; the only inconvenience she found was in ascending from Vevay, which was somewhat toilsome, and she was obliged to go there *once a month* for bread ; we asked her if she was not lonely ; she replied not at all, for she had her grandchildren within an hour's walk of her ; that she had all her life been used to the mountains, and was never dull but in the plains. We asked her if she was not afraid at night ; she said she had no fear of ghosts, all she was afraid of was the wind. She told us that in the beginning of the spring, there was so terrible a gale, that she dreaded every minute lest the *châlet* should be carried away into the valley below. She went out of doors, thinking she should be safer on the outside, but there again she recollected that a wolf was at that time prowling on the mountains, supposed to be the same misanthropic animal, as we afterwards understood, that had passed the autumn in the Jaman, and the winter at L'Etivaz ; so then she thought it better to go in again, and sit by the fire, and place her trust in "*le bon*

*Dieu.*" As she was telling us this little history she looked so happy with her

"wee bit fire, blinking bonnily,"

her bible open at the apocryphal prophet Baruch, her cups and saucers, and platters, and bowls, ranged round her, her spinning wheel at her side, the glorious mountains in front, the lake below, and the invariable fountain trickling at her door, that I almost envied her solitude; yet, I durst not have slept in it one single night alone, as she did, if I might have called all the goodly scene around my own, the next morning, as the reward of my courage. Such is the power of imagination; for in reality, I am certain there was nothing to be afraid of: crimes of magnitude are very seldom heard of in Switzerland; and besides, who would think of robbing a *châlet*! it would be a sacrilege, without hope of gain.

As we continued to ascend, the greater gentian began to show itself, informing us that we were now attaining a considerable elevation. There is something very delightful in these

fixed vegetable land-marks; the butterflies too displayed colours new to me, though I was not naturalist enough to understand their rarity. Two *hunters*, however, whom we met, armed with their gauze nets, for the capture of their aerial prey, had the politeness to open their boxes, and point out to us the most curious specimens their sport had afforded them, among which was the *Vicia Salvatica*, which had attracted our notice, as it hovered around our steps, in our ascent.

Higher up, we found another *châlet*, tenanted, not by an old woman, neither by a shepherd, but by a young artist, who had managed to furnish it with a piano-forte, an epitome of a library, and a small cabinet of natural history; an enthusiastic lover of nature, he preferred living alone, at this elevation above the rest of his friends and acquaintance; though like other exalted stations, it had its accompanying inconveniences; among which the distance he was from his pupils in Vevay, and the neighbourhood, would surely have been reckoned, by any



one less fond of long, solitary walks, and less capable of the fatigue attendant upon the stony roads, and steep ascents and descents they of necessity include.

From the verdant summit of the *Pleiau*, the Lemman lake lay before us in all its extent, magnificently bordered by the mountains of Savoy, and the rocks of Meillerie; whilst the Tour de Gourze seemed as a landmark in the vast plateau of the Canton de Vaud and part of Fribourg, interspersed with innumerable hamlets and villages, terminated by the Jura. Continuing to track the country before us, to the right we saw parts of the lakes of Morat and Neuchâtel, the small lac de Bret, and the still smaller of Châtel St Denis, with another which I believe we fancied, rather than actually discerned, on the Montagne des Tours. As we continued the circuit of the plateau, the back of the gigantic Moleson seemed quite near us, yet it looked of only moderate dimensions, so close to the detached mass of the Dent de Jaman; to the right of which rose the massive Naye, then

the Tours d'Ai and Mayen, or the Twins, as they are generally termed ; all with their outlines distinctly marked against the clear sky, and their intermediate valleys inviting the imagination to run through their green ravines, and track their winding paths. Then again the Dent du Midi, still to the right, and behind it the head of Mont Blanc, towering above a host of silver clouds that seemed proud of reposing their vast volume on his ample breast. The windings of the Rhone, and the villages and towns which it encircles in its arms, were scarcely looked at by us, amidst so many other beauties of a sublimer kind. Then the freshness of the air, the variation of the clouds, the feeling of liberty, the temporary exemption from care, the innocence of the enjoyment, all adding to the charms of the scene, left nothing to wish for, but the presence of every one whom we loved to share in it.

In the hollow of the valley, between the Pleiau and the Plan du Châtel, are the cold mineral springs of Alliaz, at the foot of Mount

Lala; known three centuries ago, though only within the last ten years made accessible to the public. The situation is extremely retired; shut in on all sides, yet offering innumerable attractive excursions to those who have the strength to undertake them. The house annexed to the springs affords comfortable lodgings and a good table, for twenty five batzen, or three shillings and three halfpence per diem, the baths included; a price reasonable enough, considering the shortness of the season, and the insulated position of the place, which of course renders the conveyance of comestibles and combustibles, troublesome and expensive. There were nineteen decent looking people at the *table d'hôte*; all Swiss I believe; the complexions of most of them announcing the cutaneous disorders for which they sought relief in the waters; and if the efficacy of them may be judged of by their nauseousness, they certainly do not yield to those of Harrowgate,

or any other fashionable place of sulphureous resort.

From Alliaz we retraced our path, beneath the tempered rays of the setting sun, and regained La Tour, by six o'clock, well pleased with our day's excursion, which had included a circuit of twenty miles—certainly more than equal, in the exertion requisite, to thirty, on level ground and smooth roads; though accomplished with less actual fatigue; such is the invigorating effect of the mountain air, alike on the body and the mind.

---

My husband having promised a friend in England, to send him the portrait of Mr. Henchoz the venerable and respected minister of Rosinière, we set off, by the quiet, old fashioned adventure-lacking conveyance, the diligence, as far as Bulle; whilst our son Arthur, with the love of enterprise natural to his age, preferred crossing the Dent de Jaman, on foot, in solitary

freedom, and meeting us at our place of destination the next day.

At Chatel St. Denis, a pretty bailiwick a couple of leagues from Vevay, we found ourselves in the canton of Fribourg: a simple wooden crucifix is the peaceful sign of demarcation between different governments, religions, manners, and customs: there is something very pleasing in these sudden, though amicable transitions; so different from the torrents of blood with which they were stained in earlier times; but it requires to dwell on this side of the picture to reconcile the beholder to the astonishing ugliness, or I would rather say, the somewhat remarkable plainness of the Fribourg women; for after all, there is something downright inhuman in ascribing absolute ugliness to a female; and I am willing to attribute part of the near approach to it which the Fribourgeoises make, to the exceedingly unbecoming nature of their head-dress. They comb all the hair from their faces, twisting it into a huge knot at the

back of the head, and making up the deficiency, which time or nature may have caused, by an immense quantity of artificial aid, borrowed from the tail of the horse, or any other accommodating animal, and covered over with a plaiting from some better provided human head. It is only in the young that this costume is bearable; in them it may by some even be thought pretty, as what in fact may not? their locks at any rate, may be supposed their own, and their cheek and brow will bear exposure; but to see an old woman, with her bald and wrinkled front, her thin grey hair drawn away from it to the back of her head, there to be surmounted by a circular cushion of false hair of a different colour, and generally matted together with dust and dirt, is terrible. How I longed to cover these poor heads with comfortable mob-caps, tied under their chins, and hiding in some measure the enormous *goitres* which add to their disfigurement.

Bulle is the principal place in the Canton for the sale of cattle and cheese. It dates the

existence of its church from 856, and was some years since altogether interesting from its antiquity; but having been rebuilt in 1805, in consequence of being destroyed by fire, few of its original edifices remain; among those few, however, are the château, erected in 1220 by Boniface, Bishop of Lausanne, and the chapel of Notre Dame de Bulle, the possession of which in 1666, was violently contested by different monastic orders, and finally obtained by the Capuchins, who retain it to this day. Bulle is completely and entirely Catholic—no other religion is tolerated; and priests and nuns, Jesuits, Augustins, Cordeliers, Bernardines, Ursulines, Benedictinés are seen wandering about in all directions.

One of the finest lime trees in Switzerland is in the public place of this town; and our attention to it was attracted, not less by the amplitude and freshness of its shade, than by the variety of characteristic groups that were sauntering under its branches. The principal hotels are the Maison de Ville, and the Hôtel

*la Mort.* “What’s in a name!” says Juliet, we however, were determined, in this instance, by a name, and felt strongly inclined to shun one which conveyed the idea of anything rather than comfort, notwithstanding the invitation inscribed upon the wall—

“ *A la Mort.  
Bon logis  
à pied et à cheval.  
Le vin qu’on y boit  
Guerira votre mal.  
Entrez donc passans,  
Assiegez mon tonneau,  
Ce n’est pas celui-ci  
Qui conduit au tombeau.*”

We preferred taking up our quarters at the *Maison de Ville*, where we found excellent accommodation, good cookery, abundant civility, and honest charges from our German host and hostess.

The next morning we proceeded on our way to *Rossinière*; at the ancient village of *La Tour de Treme*, half a league from *Bulle*, the sight of a priest with a venerable long beard, bearing



the crucifix in procession round the church, followed by a group of peasants, who stopped at intervals to sprinkle the graves of their relatives with holy water, presented a spectacle at once picturesque and interesting.

Proceeding onwards through Eparnay, we came to Gruyères, with its ancient château, standing on an eminence, between two chains of mountains and overlooking the Land of Cheese, which has made its name known not only throughout Europe, but also in India and America; where alike on the banks of the Ganges and the Mississippi, the imagination may be wafted to the pastoral districts of Switzerland, by the sight of this, its most admired production, on the tables of all who pretend to refinement.

The Counts of Gruyères were for many centuries one of the most powerful of the sovereign houses in Helvetia. Tradition assigns them for their founder Gruerius, one of the seven chiefs, under whom the Burgundians invaded the country. It might be to strengthen

this supposition, that they bore a *grue* or crane, which still forms the crest of the town. The prosperity of this illustrious family appears to have been in its zenith about the middle of the fifteenth century ; but the wars in which they were perpetually engaged, as well with the Italian States, as with the powerful republics of Berne and Fribourg, between which their domains were unfortunately situated, gradually impoverished them, and obliged them to sell their seignorial rights, one after another, to meet the exigences of the moment. The fortunes of the house fell to the lowest pitch of their decadence under Michel, its last representative, “ *le plus beau, et le plus humain des chevaliers.*” Of this Count Michel an anecdote, alike indicative of his gaiety and urbanity, is told. “ *Il avait un jour, que le Comte de Gruyères, rentrant en son castel, trouva en dessous d’icelui, grande liesse de jouvençaux et jouvencelles, dansant en koraule. Le dit Comte, fort ami de ces sortes d’ébattements, prit aussitôt la main de la plus gente de ces femmes, et dansa tout ainsi qu’un autre. Sur*

*quoi, aucun ayant proposé, comme par singularité, dont puisse être gardé souvenir, d'aller toujours en dansant jusqu'au village prochain d'Enney, pas n'y manquèrent, et de cet endroit continua la koraule jusqu'au Château d'Oex dans le pays d'en haut; et c'était chose merveilleuse de voir les gens des villages par où passèrent, se joindre à cette joyeuse bande.*" This *Koraule*, a sort of galopade, accompanied by couplets chanted in chorus, according to this account, lasted for the space of four leagues, and was distinguished ever after by the name of *la grande coquille*.

But alas! there is no dancing through life, without sometimes getting wrong in the figure; and this light-heeled and light-hearted Count Michel, in consequence of his long residences at foreign courts, his chivalrous exertions in raising troops for France, his pride of rank, which kept him always embroiled with Berne, the sovereignty of which he would not acknowledge, found himself, in the prime of his days, involved in pecuniary difficulties, which were

heightened to a degree of hopelessness by the prodigality of his household expenses, the carelessness of his financial regulations, and the accidental destruction by fire of his castle, which he afterwards rebuilt at great expense. At length, disappointed in all his resources, and deserted by all on whom he had relied, this last descendant of his noble and warlike race, took the resolution to call his vassals around him, and to throw himself upon their attachment, for his liberation from his difficulties. "You know, my friends," said he to them, "the painful situation in which I am placed. Abandoned by every one, surrounded by enemies, I have no resource except in your inviolable fidelity, and hereditary attachment. If you will take my debts upon yourselves, I will enfranchise you for ever: you shall be as free as the inhabitants of the lesser cantons, whose constitution you will take for the model of your own, and I shall make it my happiness to live among you." This proposition was immediately acceded to with shouts of joy, for the Counts

of Gruyères had ever been the fathers of their people ; but the intrigues of Berne and Fribourg prevented the just and amicable contract from being carried into execution. The Bernese took the Count's debts upon themselves, abolished the mass, defaced the shrines, and insisted on the inhabitants embracing the reformed religion ; as if it was as easy to change their modes of faith, as the name of their sovereign lords.

The Count's debts at this time amounted only to eighty-two thousand crowns ; which, it was calculated, his castle alone, with what it contained, would have fully realized, had he been allowed sufficient time to have made the necessary arrangements. At a later period he found friends in Flanders, who offered to supply him with funds for redeeming his estates, but the cupidity of Berne was deaf alike to justice and humanity ; it took no notice of the proposition, and Count Michel died at Brussels, a prey to his inquietudes and suspense ; having lived long enough to see an old predic-

tion too sadly verified, that the time would come, when the Bear of Berne would cook the crane (*grue*) in a cauldron. His brother, Dom Pierre de Gruyères, Vicar-General of the Bishopric of Lansanne, pronounced his funeral oration in the Church of St. Theodule, near his paternal castle; and the inhabitants of the plains and of the mountains, who had assembled together to do honour to the memory of their liege lord, melted into tears, as his brother recounted the good and valiant deeds of the illustrious house which their fore-fathers had served for so many ages, and which had for a thousand years retained the love and respect of its dependents. I certainly looked at the ancient castle with much more interest from being acquainted with this little history of its former proprietors. Associations of this kind seldom present themselves, in travelling through Switzerland, to English tourists; and generally speaking, it is to nature alone that they must look *en route* for the excitement of the imagination.

The village of Villard-sous-Mont, with its

antique church, winding street and pretty fountain, was the next object that, after Gruyères, attracted our eyes. The inhabitants are distinguished by the title of *les messieurs de Villard-sous-Mont*, on account of the superior polish of their manners; they used, likewise, to be equally distinguished for their passionate love of dancing; particularly the *Koraule*, which joined, as we have already said, the attraction of song to the enchantment of its circling mazes; but within the last twenty years, this cheap, innocent, national, and, we may add, natural recreation, almost the only one that an insulated and pastoral people can call their own, has been most unaccountably prohibited by the government; except at stated periods, occurring only four times in the year; and at weddings; which it seems not all the severities of its decrees, could separate from the ancient accompaniments of music and dancing. Perhaps the priests find their account in keeping the bridal party in good humour: restrictions of this kind are more especially strange under

Catholic rulers, who have always made it a part of their policy to amuse the people; and who ought to be aware that talking politics, to which the villagers are now obliged to have recourse on fête days, for want of any thing else to do, is a more dangerous habit than dancing, as far as the interests of their religious system may be concerned.

The plain, round Villard-sous-Mont, is covered, in the spring with the Narcissus, that lovely flower, so poetical in all its associations, as well as in its name. A little to the right is a beautiful cascade, that meanders long in rocky hollows, before it ventures on the leap which it seems, in general, a point of honour with cascades to take, without time for deliberation. At the next vilage, a curious phenomenon is observable in the stream that waters it, and which, from the darkness of its hue, gives the name of Nerive, signifying black water, to the place. It rises at Allière, a league from Montboven; at which place, separating itself from its parent stream, the Hongrin, it runs away un-



seen, beneath beds of calcareous rock, for a league and a half; when it suddenly re-appears, with increased volume and noise, as if proud of its subterranean frolics—it may be so, at any rate, of its trout, which are excellent.

Half a league beyond, is a rocky defile, through which rushes the Evi; the path along it is not more than three feet and a half wide; the torrent runs below, at the bottom of a frightful precipice; on each side rise enormous rocks, which shut out the rays of the sun, and only the cry of wild birds is heard; whilst masses of stone above, and aged trees, clinging to the scanty soil merely by a few ragged fibres, threaten to fall, on the first warring of the elements, into the gulph, if not on the head of the stray passenger. It was formerly the opinion of the inhabitants of the district, that any person going to watch in this insulated horror, at midnight, on the eve of St. John, would be favoured with a sight of his satanic majesty, with his favourite weapon, that is to say, a purse of gold, in his hand. The scene

does not require a tradition of this sort to lend it additional terrors, however thoroughly in keeping with its desolation, the figure assigned to it might be deemed.

After traversing this dismal gorge for nearly a league, the defile widens, the light increases, the promontory of the Molesson suddenly appears, and a little chapel speaks of consolation and aid to the weary shepherd, or bewildered traveller. The cows, when they go to graze in the pastures south east of the Molesson, ascend this barely accessible path, and the curate of each respective village attends, to give them his benediction in a *mauvais pas*, and refresh their strength by an occasional sprinkling of holy water.

We breakfasted at Albeuve, so called from the whiteness of its waters; a curious contrast with the blackness of the Nerive. To this commune an extensive territory belongs; the inhabitants making it a rule never to suffer even the smallest portion of it to pass into the hands of a stranger: if there be any change in

property, it is always bought and sold amicably among each other, as in one large family. They are proud of saying that the Fribourg gentry may look far and near, but they cannot see a single inch in the commune, that they can claim as their own.

In a wild and picturesque spot within a stone's throw from the road, is a fine covered bridge, thrown over the Sarine; which there forces a passage through rocks of so peculiar a stratification, as well to merit the attention of the geologist. We now continued our route, by a narrow road, on the borders of the river, whose frowning course gave additional beauty to the scene, till we came to Montboven, so called from the latin *mons bovm*, a mountain of oxen; the name probably given to it by the Romans, who have left many similar evidences of their having penetrated into this fertile and pastoral district. It is the last Catholic village on the route, and the boundary of la Gruyères Fribourgeoise: it enjoys the reputation of being *l'asile de la bonne foi*, and its inhabitants *des*

*Suisses de la veille roche.* It can likewise boast another merit in the eyes of lovers of *kirchenwasser*, its cherries producing the best that is manufactured in the country. From this place the Jaman may be crossed on foot to Vevay, on the opposite side, in about six hours; the route is rugged and solitary, but the prospect from the heights richly repays the pedestrian for his toil; particularly if he have the resolution to scale the triangular peak, called the *Dent*, which rises six hundred feet above the *plateau*; from whence he may behold the whole of lake Lemane, with its varied shores, and the superb belt of the Alps of Savoy, the whole line of the Jura, with the entire canton of Vaud, and the greater part of that of Fribourg. I looked towards this route with a faint hope of seeing my son; who I thought might possibly be descending it at that moment; but I afterwards found, that attracted by the towering rocks of the Naye, he had extended his walk, for the purpose of gaining their still loftier elevation.

A narrow road, along the precipitous banks of the river, conducted us from Montboven to La Tine; where the Sarine forces its way through a fissure of the rocks, and dashes between solemn pine-clad banks, turning many mills in its course, and animating scenes of ever varying beauty with its murmurs. An abrupt opening in the glen showed us, under the sheltering heights of the Corjean, the little humble church and village of Rossinière, estranged from the high road, and unused to the intrusion of travellers. For this unexpected glimpse, we were indebted to a hurricane, which, a few years ago, tore up the lofty pines that before shrouded it from view, till actually in front of it. On a nearer approach we could not but be struck with the extreme simplicity, not to say poverty of its appearance. It looked, indeed, more like a Tartar horde, or a gipsy city, than the abodes of people so close upon the borders of refinement; and only the house of the minister, just below the church, and another called the Maison Henchoz, be-

longing to one of his relations, with a roof which, even in this country of capacious coverings, appeared enormous, rescued it from the air of absolute penury.

There was no prospect of accommodation for us any where but at the *auberge*; and it was easy to perceive that our arrival was to the *aubergiste*, a thing most unlooked for, and undesired. He could not, however, help himself, nor could we. Our trunks, or as the people phrased it, our *butin*, were accordingly taken off, amid the wondering gaze of nearly all the village: and taking possession of the *Salle Communale*, as it was called, on account of the meetings of *the Government* being held there, we seated ourselves on the wooden benches, and requested to know what we could have for dinner. Our host being a widower, the house-keeper, who was also cook and chambermaid, answered our question by another "What would we like to have?" unwilling to give more trouble than we could help; we replied that some soup and a cutlet would suffice us; a look

of indecision on the part of the good woman drew forth from us the enquiry, "You can make a little soup without much inconvenience, can you not?" the answer was a prompt affirmative; it could be got ready in a *petit quart d'heure*; accompanied, however, with the information that accounted for the promised quickness of a culinary operation, to the excellence of which slowness is an essential, that it could not be made of meat, as there was none to be had nearer than Bulle, a distance of six leagues. "Then have you no meat at all?" we exclaimed, the image of cutlets of mountain mutton delicately browned over a clear wood fire still fresh before our sharpened fancies. "*Bien oui, assez de viande salée.*" "*De quelle espèce ?*" "*Mais, vache.*" And so with an impromptu *potage* of bread, swimming in something between milk and water, coloured with parsley, and seasoned with salt and cinnamon, and a remove, consisting of a small portion of dried cow, somewhat softened in a sour sauce perfectly original in its kind, we were forced to be contented,

this first day of our arrival, in the hope that the next might produce us something more palatable. But this did not prove to be the case, for a very good reason, there was nothing more to produce. Cheese with these good people forms the staff of life, and very often the circulating medium also; potatoes supply the place of meat, and cheese the place of potatoes; the wages of the people that take care of the cows, are paid in cheese, and the disorders caused by new cheese are cured by that of older date.

It was formerly customary on weddings to have an immense cheese made, by the contributions of relatives and friends, for the bridal pair; on it was inscribed the date of their age and marriage, and the births of their children were added in due succession, going down from generation to generation, as a family register. Some of these cheeses with the date of 1660 are still in existence. Mr. Raimond describes some of comparatively recent manufacture, being *only* sixty years of age, of which he had

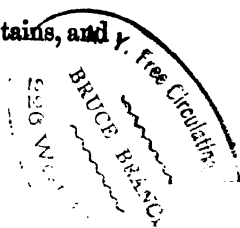


partaken, at the board of the minister at Lauterbrunnen, as being like yellow wax in appearance, dry and brittle in substance, the flavour strong but not disagreeable. Mr. Bonsetten, the bailiff of Rougemont, on taking possession of his office, a few years ago, had one bearing the date of 1649 set before him, as a mark of respect. The learned historian Ruchat speaks of having eaten bread at Zurich, which he describes as being very good, that had been made from corn one hundred and eighty years old. It is, indeed, a singular mode of shewing consideration to their guests in many of the cantons, by setting before them the oldest provisions they have—bread baked many months before, and hams dried for years; we ourselves were complimented at the minister's with one that had undergone twelve years induration. All this is to shew that they are not so poor as to be unable to keep their stores by them, year after year, untouched: a very unpalatable compliment to those who have not, like themselves, the appetite of wolves, and the stomach

of ostriches. Their principal luxury consists of immense cakes, the circumference of an old fashioned tea board; which would be good enough, were they not filled with a *compote*, at once bitter and sour, of all kinds of fruit boiled together without sugar. They dry immense quantities of plums in the same manner, and as Swiss fruit is never ripe, it may be easily imagined they are not very tempting, thus left to their own unaided paucity of saccharine matter. From these plums they likewise extract a very fiery and unwholesome spirit, which is often passed off as genuine *kirchenwasser*; it may however be easily known from the pungent and aromatic cordial it is meant to counterfeit, by putting a little water to it; the decoction of plums turning milky, whilst that of cherries remains clear. *Kirchen wasser* might be kept very advantageously much longer than it generally is; as it gains equally in flavour and in wholesomeness by age. A kind of *gatelet*, or thin cake made of barley meal and bean flour, first baked, then dried in the sun, till it is hard and black, is

much in use among the poorer people, but fortunately for us, our host being sole baker as well as *aubergiste* in the place, we had a constant supply of good wheaten bread.

Our first repast, homely as it might be deemed, was seasoned with more merriment than many richer spread boards could have exhibited; we could truly say, "*l'appetit fait plus que le bouillon*;" we were moreover diverted by the rustic familiarities of the people, who came in and out, and talked to us in their *patois romande*, containing a most harmonious mixture of Italian; and we were gladdened by the arrival of our son from his mountain expedition, concerning which, as he had set out rather late the day before, I had had the weakness to feel somewhat uneasy. I should have been much more so, had I known the theme of conversation at the auberge at the little village of Avens, where he slept. He was enquiring of the *aubergiste* as to what animals were to be found in the mountains, and



among other questions he asked if there were any wolves. “ *Oh oui, quelquefois,*” he replied, “ *il y en a eu un, justement, avant hier, qui a mangé une petite vache, là, en face,*” pointing to a little green pasturage, skirted by a pine wood, not far from the auberge—he added that a reward was offered by the commune for the apprehension of the said wolf, but it seemed the fear of meeting him did not lessen the number of pedestrians across the mountain, as the inn was quite full in the course of the night.

The next morning Arthur resumed his route, but being unwilling, after having enjoyed the magnificent prospect from the lofty summit of the Naye, to retrace his steps to the plateau of the Jaman, he imprudently descended the eastern side of the Naye, by a foot path frequented only once a-year by the mules that bring down the cheeses, the hoarded riches of the *châlets*, scattered in these *Alpages*. Whilst he was embarrassed as to the direction he ought to follow, in a forest where the path gradually diminished in perspicacity, and at last most

perplexingly disappeared altogether, he heard a snarling sort of cry, between a howl and a bark, which seemed to come from the opposite side of a torrent, at a little distance; and connecting this ominous sound with the preceding evening's subject of discourse, he acknowledged it gave him a sort of thrill, which could not, by any classification whatever, be included in the theory of agreeable sensations. This same wolf, we were informed, after scouring about the Dent de Jaman sometime, shifted its quarters to the retired valley of L'Etivaz, among the heights of which it still continues its depredations, to the alarm and injury of the people, who have in vain essayed to track it to its lair.

Some little time ago, a woman was passing through a wood near Château d'Oex, a league from Rossinière, late in the evening, and to her unspeakable terror, she saw a wolf sitting on a bank. Her first impulse was to turn back, but reflecting that it still could in a moment overtake her, she resolved to proceed. "*Je me*

*recommandai,*" said she, "*au bon Dieu, et le loup ne me regardait pas.*" Nevertheless the poor woman's courage only lasted out to her cottage, and she fainted away as soon as she had crossed the threshold.

The postman at Rossinière had an encounter of a still more terrific nature, in one of his transits over the Dent de Jaman to Vevay, which the poor fellow makes twice a week, even in the most inclement days of winter. In ascending the mountain he beheld three bears, which were coming in a side-ward direction towards him. He was unarmed; he hesitated a moment what to do—"allons," said he to himself, "*il ne faut pas avoir peur;*" and he continued his march with all the steadiness he could muster; but when he heard the bears quickening their pace, and coming rapidly towards him, "*il déposa sa charge, et fila de bon train;*" taking to his heels, he out-stripped the bears, and arrived at a place of safety, where he got assistants, who gladly undertook to confront his antagonists; the bears were all slain, and he

had the pleasure of gazing on their carcasses. A few years ago a bear was slain at Collanges near Vevay, that weighed two hundred and forty pounds—he had never made war however upon any thing but the fruit trees.

It is well known, that when cows are attacked by wolves, they form a circle, in the middle of which they place their calves, to secure them from the enemy ; and then bending their heads towards the ground, present their horns to the wolves, a sort of *cheveux de frise* which they very rarely have the courage to encounter. The cows stand much more in dread of bears, and when they perceive the approach of one, they instantly take flight towards the *châlets*, where they rally round their keeper, and have been known to press him to death, by coming closer and closer upon him, in their panic, to place themselves under his protection. The bulls, however, combat the bears with extreme ferocity : we were told many wonderful stories of their encounters, and among the rest, the often repeated, and sometimes disputed one, of

a bull in the canton of Uri, which, after being missing for three days, was found standing with his horns firmly fixed against the rock, to which he had transfixed his antagonist, a bear, that had evidently been dead some time, after a desperate struggle; as might be seen by the depth that the bull's hoofs had worn in the earth around.

Such were the themes of the village; we listened to them with pleasure, because they were always accompanied with some little trait of character, which we may seek in vain in more frequented places; and we looked forward with satisfaction to spending a few weeks in this secluded spot, and seeing mountain modes of life, nearly the same as they were two hundred years ago. The auberge itself was of that date, and a curious specimen it presented of the ideas of the good people who had built it, with regard to comfort and convenience. The chimney certainly occupied three fourths of the kitchen; and consisted of an immense wooden tube, or



chamber, gradually narrowing towards the top, and serving at once to carry off the smoke, and to illuminate the operations of the sybil, who acted as cook; for the window was too distant, and inconsiderable, to throw much light into the apartment. The twofold utility of this cumbrous affair was, however, completely suspended in the time of heavy rain or snow; during which very frequent occurrences, a falling lid, drawn down by a rope from below, to prevent an inundation among the viands, closed over the aperture, and involved the whole room in obscurity and smoke. This must have been attended with another inconvenience in former times, when, before the invention of clocks, the hours of the day were guessed at according to the shadow cast by the sun in his transit over these wide orifices; hence, in cloudy or wet weather, they might indeed say

“ We take no note of time, but from its loss.”

Throughout the whole canton the same description of chimney is to be found, varying

only in size, according to the largeness or smallness of the house, of which it generally forms the most important part. A wag of a postilion, who brought a Parisian lady from Orbe on a visit to her relations here, an event of the first magnitude in the village, amused us one morning by his drollery, in mounting on the roofs of the cottages, crawling along them, from house to house, and suddenly vociferating down the chimneys, to the no small amazement of the good wives within, who were cooking their pottage.

The staircase in the auberge was totally dark, and the steps being constructed without any thing like uniformity in depth or breadth, afforded a perpetual variety of hitting or missing; stepping too high, or sinking too low; knocking the heel against one, and the toe against another. After scaling this steep and dark ascent, I had to pass to my bed-room, through a long gloomy kind of gallery with three beds in it, and such a range of sacks of flour, as reminded me of the tale of the forty thieves; insomuch

that I was always induced to raise my candle to ascertain more distinctly that they were indeed neither more nor less than what they seemed. Nevertheless, the house was a goodly house to look upon; it had the town clock, too, over its porch; and the said clock tick-tacked close to our pillows, with a most extraordinary sound, more like that of a steam-engine than any other clock I ever heard; and every time it struck the hours, the *guet*, or watchman, a merry fellow who walked about all night long, without even a stick in his hand to mark the dignity of his office, responded to it, in a shrill tone, informing the inhabitants at the same time who he was, and assuring them that all was well, and no fire. It reminded me of the old song—

“ Je vais, je viens, je fais la ronde  
Je suis pour vous l'écho du tems,  
Je crie à tous les habitans,  
Sans qu' aucun jamais me reponde,  
O guet, bon guet !  
Il a ferl dix.”

It is singular enough that the information of there being no fire, has been repeated every night uninterruptedly by all the *bons guets*, for the last three hundred years, without being contradicted by the fact; as during the whole aforesaid period, the village has never once been visited by that calamity; whilst Château d'Oex, a league farther up the valley, has been reduced to ashes three times, within the same period. Indeed it is wonderful how these Swiss combinations of human abodes, escape for any length of time such visitations; considering that their houses are entirely of wood, "above about, and underneath," like a vast box, with spreading roofs, *tiled*, if we may use such a term, with the same material, and embrowned in their own turpentine: a spark would set them into combustion, and, as the whole stock of fire-wood for the winter, is likewise piled up against the house on the outside, along with heaps of straw, in order to keep it warmer, with bundles of Indian corn and flax hanging from the balconies and rafters, it may be easily imagined that

the work of destruction once begun by the devouring element, must in a very short time be total.

The luxuries of muslin curtains and draperies to the beds, which begin to creep in among the better sort of auberges, and richer individuals, threaten additional danger to the tenement; and I never saw a candle brought near them without casting a look of dismay towards the wooden ceiling, seldom more than seven feet from the floor. Nevertheless, these wooden houses are in themselves extremely comfortable in many respects; they are very warm; they always look clean in the inside, and the wood acquires by age both a fine polish and a beautiful colour; particularly on the outside, where the action of the sun imparts to them a rich, reddish brown, that harmonises admirably with the grey rocks and dark pines by which they are often surrounded. The broad shelving roofs too, so constructed to prevent the snow from lodging on them, sheltering the benches that are placed beneath, against the walls, seem to invite the

neighbours to social converse, and the passers-by to friendly rest; how different from houses of more modern build, where every thing is on the principle of exclusion, repulsion and selfishness! Then again the wide covered balconies have a cheerful effect, allowing the fresh air, yet protecting from the inclemency of the weather, and generally ornamented with flowers, and affording a pretty look-out, and a promenade of five minutes. I do believe when I am rich enough, I must have a little wooden box, on the model of a Swiss cottage, somewhere in England; perhaps at pretty Norwood, that miniature likeness of Switzerland, endeared to me at this moment in recollection, as it has been all the summer of my life, as the abode for twenty years of a dear friend, alas! now no more, whose warm heart and poetic fancy threw sunshine and rosebuds around the paths which led to her house of hospitable welcome. Alas for the past! when clouds hang upon the future, with what added tenderness of regret do we look back upon the time when hope

herself was young and the affections worshipped around her, in varied forms of happiness!

---

The day after our arrival at Rosinière, we dined with the minister, who is now in his eighty-second year—a very remarkable age for a Swiss to attain, as longevity does not rank among the blessings of the country; if, indeed, it ever be one, which I should feel somewhat inclined to doubt, did we not find length of days included in the scriptural promises, as a token of Divine favour. At any rate it is certainly a great blessing, whilst we do live, to have those we love live too; and this excellent man would surely have a good chance of remaining on the earth another half century, if the prayers of his congregation could effect it for him; for never was any one more respected, or more beloved. The sight of his portrait, at full length, was a treat to the whole village. Everyone came to see it, that heard of its being to be seen; many from distant chalets, in the higher

regions of the mountains, and several of the women wept on beholding the lineaments of the venerable countenance, which had shone upon their parents, as well as upon themselves and their children. The shoemaker, who was a person of some importance in "the council," after examining it very minutely from head to foot, exclaimed "*oui, c'est bien ça, l'on dirait que c'est lui-même ; c'est un excellent homme, il porte les gros souliers—il ne se conforme pas à la mode.*" I could not help smiling at a criticism so exactly in the spirit of that made by a brother of the craft, two thousand years before, upon the sandal of the Venus of Praxiteles. To those who have any idea of the poverty of some of the Swiss communes, and the exceedingly economical scale on which all their public expenses are regulated, I cannot give a stronger proof of the respect in which these good people of Rossinière hold their Pastor, than by relating that, as we were about to leave the place, we were waited upon by a *deputation* from the *commune* ; to wit : the shoemaker as aforesaid,



the carpenter, *monsieur le capitaine*, and *monsieur le receveur*, &c. to state that it was the wish of the people to have a portrait of the minister painted at the public cost, to be placed as an heir loom in the presbytery, in remembrance of his virtues, and as an example to his successors. When the comparative means of the parties are taken into calculation, the order of the Emperor of Russia to the English artist Dawe, to paint him a whole gallery of general officers, fades in point of comparative munificence before this commission, on the part of the pastoral people of Rossinière.

Mr. Henchoz is rich, for a Swiss pastor ; his family having been settled in the valley for more than two hundred years, and always prosperous ; but his income, amounting, perhaps, to two hundred pounds per annum, which constitutes a very considerable fortune in these parts, is all dispensed in acts of benevolence and hospitality ; and he has even refrained from marriage, in order that he might devote himself more actively to the duties of his calling ; being

of the opinion of the Church of Rome, with respect to the celibacy of the clergy, upon the apostolic principle, "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord. But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." It must be remembered, however, that St. Paul in the same chapter of Corinthians which contains this observation, sums up the arguments on each side the question, with a simplicity and truth that will enable the most timid conscience to decide for itself; for "every man hath his proper gift of God, one after this manner, and another after that," and "as the Lord hath called every one, so let him work."

We frequently repeated our visits to the minister, and always found a plentiful board, and most hospitable welcome. "You had better come to see me whilst I am to be seen," he would say, "for most likely when you pass this way again, I shall be gone to another world." How enviable is such cheerfulness and tran-

quillity, at so advanced a stage of existence! In the contemplation of it I continually found myself repeating: "*Il n'y a d' heureux par la vieillesse, que le vieux prêtre et ceux qui lui ressemblent.*" Whatsoever differing opinions there may be respecting the eligibility of public or of private life, as most conducive to the formation of a useful and estimable character, no one who sees a good man drawing to the close of his existence, in the same humble retirement in which it has been passed, can wish that its destination had been otherwise.

The generality of Swiss pastors are a highly exemplary race; they take unwearied pains to accommodate their discourses to the capacities and situation of their people; and their published works, which form a large part of the theological departments of the Libraries of Geneva and Lausanne, will be found replete with valuable sentiments and profound piety. From no writers whatsoever, as a body, could sermons, suited to the humble meridian of a

village congregation, be so well compiled. We heard an excellent sermon, on falsehood, the first Sunday of our arrival, from a young man, the *suffragan*, or curate; and a still more impressive one, the Sunday after, from the minister himself, on prayer, inasmuch as age must always be more impressive in the pulpit than youth—for alas! how many of the mazes and intricacies of the human heart can be tracked and commented on by experience alone! and then how well from aged lips comes that tone of authority which youthful aspirants for preferment dare not assume to “ears polite,” and which even those who ought to be more independent of worldly considerations, seldom have the courage to exert. The minister of Rossinière, however, stood on no such ceremony with his auditors; he told them, on the commencement of his discourse, like a father among his children, to listen to him with attention; and they did not require the injunction to be repeated; for it is not the least part of a Swiss

pastor's happiness that he is invariably looked up to by his flock, as indeed, their shepherd, friend, and guide.

If I were a clergyman, I should like to be a Swiss; and if I were a Swiss, I should like to be a clergyman; with his pretty house and garden, always close to the church, and generally in an elevated situation; conspicuous like himself, above those whom it is his lot to enlighten and direct. In a country where there are so few avenues open to certain income, combined with consideration in society, it is very natural that the clerical profession should be eagerly sought; particularly by young men who may, likewise, have a desire for more mental cultivation than it might otherwise be in their power to attain. Nevertheless, there are difficulties in the way, which, unless in some degree modified, will, in all probability, gradually diminish the number of desirable candidates for ecclesiastical situations. The education requisite includes a term of fourteen years; and when admitted into orders, they often remain for as

many more as *suffragans*, on an income of five hundred francs per annum. The removal by death, or change of the minister they may serve, brings them no nearer filling his place; which is subjected to the choice of other older ministers; all of whom in rotation have the privilege of changing three times, before they are irrevocably planted; and whilst they are thus very naturally endeavouring to better themselves, the poor *suffragan* has, for the prime of his life, no other prospect than perhaps changing his humble situation for a worse. The livings are from sixty to eighty, one hundred, and one hundred and twenty pounds a year: the lonely and barren nature of the locality is sometimes admitted as a reason for increasing the stipend, and truly there are situations which require especial consolation; that of L'Etivaz, for instance, in the wildest and most secluded part of the mountains that separate the valley of Château d'Oex from the district of Aigle and Bex, the road to which is accessible only on horseback, or in long narrow cars of the rough-

est construction, and where the minister must throughout the winter, be shut out from all communication beyond that with the labouring classes, who constitute almost the entire of his parishioners. It is the same at Ablents, on the edge of the Gessenai, which has been called the Siberia in Switzerland; and where there are only about eighty or ninety inhabitants; who, to use their own expression, have nine months of winter, and three of cold sun; and at Elm, in the Canton of Glaris, where indeed, during six weeks of the winter, the sun is never seen at all. How valuable in such situations must be a love of books, a taste for astronomy, natural history, botany, mineralogy, or any other mental pursuit, wherewith to diversify the monotony of so secluded an existence. Thus it is with the minister at Ablents, who is deeply versed in mineralogy; and indeed so general is the love of letters and science among them, that a large portion of the most interesting topographical works connected with the history of the country, will be found to have emanated

from the pen of its pastors; as the names of Bridel, Moliné, Chavannes, and many others, amply testify.

And here I must instance a very extraordinary production of the leisure of a minister at Berne—on the performance of which he bestowed twenty years. His object was to embody, in one composition, all the illustrious men that Switzerland has produced, with characteristic insignia of their respective offices and pursuits. The difficulty of such an undertaking may be easily imagined—to avoid confusion or formality; hardness, or indecision; the glare of different costumes, or the monotony of uniformity; to vary the attitudes and the heads of more than two hundred figures, without any other incident in the piece for any one of them, than the being there to be looked at, was certainly an herculean undertaking, for an amateur artist; but what a happy man he was, to have, during the twenty years he was employed upon it constantly, an object that interested all his thoughts, and absorbed all his



faculties ; saving those, be it understood, claimed by the duties of his office. When he lay down at night, his pillow was thronged with the groups which he had put on the canvas during the day ; and when he arose in the morning he hastened to correct or alter them ; according to the suggestions of his judgment, during the undisturbed silence of the night. The scene of action was in itself no inconsiderable part of his labours : it represents an ancient hall somewhat raised in the back ground, and lighted by long windows of painted glass, each compartment of which presents the armorial bearings of the different cantons and most illustrious families. The architectural parts are exceedingly well managed ; the perspective correct in drawing, and the lights judiciously dispersed. In the back ground are seen the early teachers of Christianity and of husbandry, (as they wisely combined the two) with the ancient instruments of agriculture, on the ground, near them. A little way from them are the early warriors—first, Staugfacher and

Melchtel, taking the oath to deliver their country from its oppressors, and William Tell, listening to them, attended by his child, who carries in his hand an apple stuck on an arrow. In the centre is a very interesting group of the reformers, Calvin, Farrel, Theodore de Béze, Zwingler, Bullinger, and others. Advancing still nearer the present times, in the foreground we see Zimmerman, Pictet, Planta, Tissot, and other celebrated physicians, seated at a table on which is a bust of Hippocrates, and listening to a lecture from Haller. At the other side is a group of scientific men, among whom is Sanssure, with a plan of the Alps before him; De Luc is attentively looking at Bonnet, the mathematician, who is demonstrating a problem to Euler. Behind them is a group of naturalists, among whom is Huber, the celebrated blind writer on Bees; opposite is a party of literary men, among them Rousseau stands pre-eminent. The worthy pastor much wished to introduce three other celebrated men; Gibbon, Voltaire and Raynal, who paid

Switzerland the compliment of making it their country of adoption; but as they were not natives, they came not within the limits of a plan already too comprehensive for easy management. He succeeded at last to his own satisfaction, by ingeniously contriving to place them at the outside of an open window; by which means also, a view of the lake of Lausanne and of the surrounding country is very happily obtained; and making them look into the interior, as spectators of the interesting groups it contains. The striking contrast of physiognomy and dress between Gibbon and Voltaire, is prevented from being too much obtruded on observation, by the less marked countenance of Raynal, who, a step behind, acts as a combining incident between them. The whole is admirable; the style of painting is that of the early German School, and if it have a little of their usual fault of dryness, it has abundance of their general merits, in point of accuracy and finish.

The Swiss clergy have many avocations of what may be termed a civil nature, connected with their office. Each pastor is obliged to keep a register of the births, baptisms, marriages and deaths in his parish; also the names of all those who are capable of bearing arms, all who leave the commune, or return into it, as also a list of the children, for the use of the schools. The visits likewise to the sick, are, in the mountainous districts, a laborious part of the minister's duty; though not so much so with the Protestant, as with the Catholic priests; who are obliged to bear the holy elements of communion with their own hands, to the bed of the dying; whatever may be the inclemency of the weather, or the state of the roads.

Of the zeal of the pastors in the inculcation of moral duties, and the beneficial effects their precepts and personal influence must have on their people, I will give one example in the words of the minister to whom it relates, respecting the evils of mendicity; which he justly

considered as the most fruitful source of demoralization, in any nation whatsoever, that can be connived at by its government; confounding in very infancy all distinctions of truth and falsehood, sapping the foundations of integrity and modesty, engendering every species of idleness, selfishness, deception and abasement.

“On coming to my parish,” said he, “I found that it had been a custom in it from time immemorial for the children to beg upon the high-roads, though the greater part of their parents were in what might be considered comfortable circumstances. I resolved to put an end to this baneful habit, without having recourse to any other means than those afforded me by my ministry; and I succeeded, thanks be to God, after two years of incessant labour and trouble, which however I no-way regret. I began by talking with the fathers and mothers on the subject, in an amicable way, and many of them were convinced by my arguments, as

soon as they saw the force of them; others, whom I could not succeed in enlightening by my reasoning, and who persisted, in spite of all I could say, in suffering their children thus to become vagabonds, I admonished publicly, when I found all private remonstrances unavailing, before the elders of the village. I moreover preached expressly upon the subject, choosing for my text “I have been young and am now old; yet never saw I the righteous man forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.” PSALM, xxxvii.—25. and I endeavoured in this sermon to convince them, that it was in vain for them to attempt to aspire to the title of either good christians, or good citizens, so long as they suffered any branch of their families to ask alms, to the exceeding detriment of the really poor, without being necessitated to do so. I concerted with the two schoolmasters of my parish to make their rounds on the roads in the vicinity, and to take a list of the children whom they found begging on them. I then called on these children at their own houses, and entered

into familiar conversation with them on the subject, and persuaded many of them to renounce their avocation; showing them that a true Swiss would rather suffer hunger than degrade himself by begging: others, who remained obstinate and deaf to my exhortations, I tried to correct by shame, telling them publicly, in the middle of the school, that I could not look upon them as my children and friends, so long as they refused to break themselves of such a serious fault. Meanwhile I devoted a certain sum annually, out of my own purse, to the poor, that they might not imagine I was actuated by avarice in what I said; and at last I so far succeeded that I have not at this time a single beggar in my parish, boy or girl. Nor is there a greater number of poor in it than before; for the money thus gained was never turned to any good account; on the contrary they are more industrious, better brought up, and better behaved; and the very parents who, when I first began to exhort them on the subject, treated me as a hard-hearted man, without either feeling

or pity, now are continually thanking me for all the pains I have taken, and acknowledging how useful they have been in their results." The Swiss clergy are indeed the fathers and teachers of their flocks, and treat the humblest of them with the most affectionate cordiality. Many of the peasants beguile the long evenings with books lent them by their pastors. A poor widow thus supplied, who lived in a solitary chalet, at the bottom of a narrow mountain gorge, opposite the village of Lativa, used to shut herself up, as soon as the snow began to fall, with a little orphan girl, whom she had taken, out of charity, to share her scanty bread.

"If you ever see the window-shutters closed in the day time," said she to her neighbours, "come to me, for it will be a sign of something amiss." This kind of telegraphic arrangement being made, she cheerfully resigned herself to entire seclusion for many months; and whilst the snow accumulated on her humble roof, as on the mountain tops, and frequently blocked up her threshold, she employed herself in teach-



ing her little charge to read and write; in the labours of her wheel; and above all, in the perusal of her three favorite authors, La Fontaine, Racine, and Molière; whose works she had nearly all by heart; and when she sallied forth from her retreat on the return of spring, she prolonged, by reciting them to her neighbours, the pleasure her winter studies had afforded her. She was indeed celebrated as a *raconteuse*, and if it be true, as is told of him, that Molière was more really gratified by the hearty laughter of his old housekeeper, at the humour of his comedies, than by the compliments bestowed on them in the courtly circles, wherein they were obliged to be trimmed to the taste of his audience, he would not have been less so, had he known that they were destined to beguile the lonely moments of this poor and benevolent widow. The ministers themselves, in these secluded situations, are as much shnt out from the world as their parishioners, during their long winters. One of them being asked if he did not sometimes find his insulated

position wearisome, replied, no, he saw the newspapers; they showed him what was going on, and that was enough. It proved, on enquiry, that these newspapers were generally a month old before they reached him. In England the hardship of our London operatives not always being able to see the papers on the day of publication has been deemed, in this intellectual age, sufficiently serious to render it worthy of parliamentary discussion; in order that the tax, which served as the obstacle, might be removed; they were not to be contented so easily as the good pastor.

Moderate as the stipends of the Swiss clergy may seem, there are some economists, who have thought them too large; but who that considers, that to the clergy is entrusted the inculcating of all the most sacred truths that can conduce to our well doing in this world, and our eternal happiness in the next; the education of youth, the promulgation of morality; the maintenance of loyalty, order and peace; who that considers this can grudge to

men who devote their lives to such a cause, and adorn it by their example, a fair portion of the comforts of private life, and an exemption, as far as the pecuniary part of them may be concerned, from its cares ; which they have not the same means of warding off as the rest of the community. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper is administered eight times in the year, in the reformed cantons, and these days of communion are observed with exemplary solemnity ; frequently two thirds of the inhabitants, even in large towns, present themselves at the table. The auberges are closed, at these times, nor is any wine allowed to be sold. The men go to the table first, the women afterwards ; according to the scale of difference observed on all occasions, in this country of republican equality, between the sexes. The women of Gaiss, in the canton of Appenzel, are, however, privileged to present themselves the first ; in remembrance of the valour of their female ancestors, who fought bravely by the sides of their husbands and brothers at the battle of Amstoss, in 1405.

Whilst we were seated at dinner one day, at the vicarage, a girl came in with a large bible, which she had brought all the way from Gessenai, five leagues, together with a note, specifying that a young couple, her relations, would present themselves the next morning, being prayer-day, before the minister to be made one; and it should seem, by the laudable custom of the Canton, that no one is deemed capable of taking the duties of matrimony upon him or herself, who is not provided with a bible; this family relic, clasped with silver, and evidently well turned over, was accordingly produced before the minister, as a certificate of the habits, moral and religious, of the aspirants of the holy state. In England, a couple wanting such a qualification would, too often, only have to send to the pawnbroker or the butter-shop; but in Switzerland, where bibles are not yet given away with a profusion that chiefly benefits the stationer, printer, and publisher, it is quite another thing—a bible is with the Swiss villager, the first fruits of his savings of honest industry,

and is preserved and handed down from one generation to another, with feelings of equal reverence for its sacred contents, and affection for those to whom it may have belonged. At the terrible conflagration of Château d' Oex, a few years ago, the sufferers deplored the loss of thirty-six folio bibles, far more than of any other portion of their "moveables;" and it was singular enough that although the inhabitants of the neighbouring Cantons sent abundant supplies to them of everything else, only four bibles were given in the place of those that were consumed; though out of nine hundred other volumes of piety and christian instruction, more than half were immediately and gratuitously replaced.

The Swiss bridegroom must further shew that he can defend his homestead from attack, and rescue it from fire: and unless he possess arms and uniform, a hatchet, bucket, and ladder, he may solicit the nuptial benediction in vain. It seems in all cases these good people consider matrimony as a serious, and somewhat

mournful affair ; as it is their invariable custom to present themselves before the altar in black ; which wore, to me, on such an occasion, a most ominous and lugubrious aspect. The whole congregation also appear in black on Sundays, and so accustomed did my eye become to this solemn hue, that it was absolutely disturbed one sabbath, by the sight of a lilac *fichu*, which distinguished a young woman of Neuchatel, from the other females. I presume this custom of wearing sable on all occasions of ceremony began in times of persecution ; when it served too expressively as a type of the troubles to which the Protestants were exposed in the early periods of their dissent from the Church of Rome ; and has doubtless been continued since, on principles of economy.

At Rossinnière we led day after day the real country life I so dearly love : taking things as they happened ; enjoying all that came in our way : not obliged to run after fine things, merely because they were *sights*, set down as such in a guide-book, but delighted with every

thing beautiful that unexpectedly presented itself to our eyes.

Awakened at sunrise by the goatherd's horn, and the tinkling of the bells, it was a race among us which should be ready the first, to see the goats scamper through the village, on their way to the mountains; and of all the happy people I have ever seen, or heard of, commend me to these same goats! how gaily they rush out from their respective houses, at the sound of the well known horn! how impertinently they stop to pluck at any thing that pleases their fancy, or to butt at one another; or to skip up some steps, or look in at some door, where they have no business whatsoever! and then how merrily they tread the steep mountain path, searching out the most acclivitous, leaping from one fragment of rock to another, justling for precedence upon the very edge of a precipice, disdainfully eying the torrent beneath their feet, sometimes clearing it at a bound—then cropping the delicious wild thyme, and browsing on herbage still wet with

the dew, feeding, frolicking, and enjoying themselves till evening; when the "milky mothers" are ready to find their way home again of their own accord, and the kidlings dance about them with a thousand antics, which would make a posture master's fortune; the goat-herd meanwhile, winding his horn as he enters the village, gives notice at once for his wife to get his supper ready, and for every good woman to come forth and seize on her respective property; for each family keeps at least one goat, to give a supply of milk during the summer, whilst the cows are in the mountains. Then they are milked, and put into a nice warm resting place for the night; safe from wolf, or other enemy; with abundance of caresses from the children, of which caresses they are extremely susceptible, being naturally social, and easily tamed; and thus conclude the enjoyments of their day, only to be renewed on the morrow. Happy goats! liberty, fresh air, abundance, companionship, protection, security, kindness; what more can quadruped desire?



To be sure the same people who take such care of them in the summer, have an awkward habit of eating them in the winter ; but then they are not aware of this propensity, and all flesh must die, some time or other.

The goatherd was the merriest fellow in the village ; as active as the most agile of his flock, and as little encumbered with flesh as the leanest among them. He had six children, and one goat ; a very common proportion of this world's goods, among the poor ; unfortunately a great mass of rock detached itself one day, and rolling among his flock, pitched upon his single goat, and killed it. His wife gave us the little history, " When I saw my husband," said she, " coming back with something over his shoulder, I thought it was the boy, and I began to cry, thinking he might have had a fall or might be dead ; but when I found it was the goat, I dried my tears, for I thought how wrong it would be to lament for what might have been so much worse, "*car j'aime encore bien mieux que ce soit la chèvre que le garçon. C'est peut*

*être que Madame connait mon mari,*" she added "*celui aux grands favoris.*" And I found she was very proud of this distinction of the whiskers. She was going to solicit a subscription in the village to raise money to buy another goat; she had saved sixteen *batzen*, she said, herself, towards it, and if she could get a batz apiece from such of her neighbours as were rich enough to give it, she should do very well. We gave her three *batzen*, (four pence half-penny) each, by way of setting it on foot; and the good people who heard of it, thought it very munificent, and said it was "*beaucoup pour des étrangers.*"

It was impossible to be idle, surrounded as we were with examples of activity and industry. A sketch before breakfast gave us an additional appetite for our *café au lait*. The time till dinner was occupied by my husband and my son in painting at the vicarage; by myself in turning over the good minister's dear delightful old folios of the Early Fathers, Ancient Travels, exploded systems of Natural History, Biographies of the Brigands of the

Rhine, and other illustrious characters. When we were favoured with morning calls, which became more and more frequent every day, we generally saw our visitors at nine o'clock, as at ten they dined; and as we found no pleasure in assuming any airs of fashion over our neighbours, we did the same thing not later than twelve. Then came the glorious resplendent afternoon, and the sweet coolness of evening; musical in this most musical of countries, with a thousand sounds of returning herds, and tinkling bells, and goatherds' songs and rushing waters, and calls of birds and rustling of trees. Sometimes we walked to the first *plateau* of the mountain, to taste the cream, which is so delicious, that a cup of it is well worth the labour of the whole ascent. Rousseau may be pardoned for allowing his Julie to be fond of cream; it is the most delicate, as well as the simplest of all luxuries, and certainly cannot even be guessed at, in its perfection, by those who have not scaled the thyme-strewn steeps of the real Alpine heights, to enjoy it at a

*châlet*. Generally in addition to this cream we had the good fortune to meet with coffee, every way worthy to keep it company: the women roast it, grind it, and make it with admirable celerity, on the entrance of a stranger. They have indeed plenty of practice in the art and mystery of preparing it; being in the habit of drinking it themselves two or three times a day; it is on all occasions, whether of joy or sorrow, in sickness or in health, their cordial, their consolation, their medicine and their nutriment.

Coffee is, indeed, universal throughout Switzerland, but there is, perhaps, no country in the world, in proportion to the number of its inhabitants, where so much is drank as in the Gessenai: it was first brought into use in 1733, when the sale of spirituous liquors was rigorously prohibited. It certainly is far the least injurious of the two, nevertheless it is indulged in to a height that is inimical to the frugality these good people observe in other respects: the women have been reproached with selling their petticoats to buy it; and there is a saying

among their more economical neighbours, that if they had been careful, they might, by this time have hung silver bells with golden chains around the decks of their cows. Sugar and white bread are expenses naturally attendant on the coffee pot; burnt wine and cinnamon are also luxuries in which these mountaineers occasionally, though very seldom, indulge.

Their generally simple mode of living, and the purity of the air, render sickness rare among them; rheumatism, scorbutic eruptions, and dropsy, are the disorders to which they are chiefly liable, and these they endeavour to cure by simples, and old women's nostrums; having a great horror of a regularly scientific practitioner. "*La médecine n'a jamais entré mon corps,*" said an old man of eighty, in extenuation of his apparent obstinacy in refusing a dose presented by a physician, "*et je préfère mourir comme j'ai vécu, selon la volonté du bon Dieu.*"

Sometimes we paid a visit in the plain, invited to look at a *belle vache*, or a plot of

garden ground, or some other rural celebrity; but oftenest we made it a point of conscience to go in search of scenes which we anticipated the pleasure of perpetuating on canvas, recalling every time we looked at our delineations, the delight we had had in the enchanting originals. Sometimes Arthur and I played truant, to go a nutting—and how pretty were the nut trees, contrasting their russet clusters with the barberries that twined around them, and the knots of blue bells springing at their feet; no thorns either, to wound the hand they tempt, but offering their treasures readily to all who will stop to pluck them: it is such a *peasant good* too! every passer-by can share in it, what a nice opportunity for the young men and maidens to happen to go at the same time to look for them; as our own sweet Thomson, that Prince of pastoral poets, has so well described; and what a source of joy and riches to the children! a basin of nuts hidden up in a corner, makes them as happy as squirrels and well it may—there is something so delightful

to all of us in the first property we can really call our own. Then our late walks home; the solemn stillness of the air, the mystic breathings of the pines, the distant rills, the winding road indistinctly seen, with the river roaring below, and dashing among fragments of rock; the dim mountains. the cry of the wild fox, the sweeping past of birds of night; all awakening a sort of conjecture, at every step; almost a longing after some incident of savage life, which was inexpressibly agreeable; and not the less so to me, from an inward consciousness that the vague feeling of danger I thus loved to conjure up, was purely the offspring of my own fancy. But novelty of impression is so rarely experienced in the present day, when every thing is explored and explained but the grave, that the imagination is apt to run riot, under its influence.

Sometimes, in the stillness of the evening, we were agreeably startled by the shrill notes, borne to us from afar, on the mountain gale, of the real *Ranz des Vaches*. I say *real*, because

strangers are apt to confound this national air with other popular songs. The *Ranz des Vaches* signifies literally, "the cow's march," the word *ranz* expressing, in the *patois* of the country, the progress of objects who are going along in file, or following each other. It is extremely ancient, and was originally played on horns, which, sounding from one height to another, was taken up in responding notes, always at the same hour, morning and evening. The music was first printed in 1710, by Professor Zwinger of Bale, in his "Dissertation on Nostrology." Viotti, the late celebrated composer, thus describes the feelings it awakened in him, the first time he heard it, "The *Ranz des Vaches* is neither that which our friend Jean Jacques has introduced to us, (in his Dictionary of music) or that which Mr. Laborde speaks of in his book on music. I do not know whether many people are acquainted with it; all I know is, that I heard it in Switzerland, and that as I heard it then, I shall never cease to remember it. I was walking alone, towards



evening, among those solemn scenes which take away from one all inclination to speak. I wandered here and there; I climbed up and down the magnificent rocks; at length I found myself, by chance, in a valley to which at first I paid no particular attention; it was only after I had been in it some time, that I perceived it was a delightful spot, such as I had often read the description of in Gesner; a velvet turf, flowers, rivulets, every thing that could make a picture; every thing in harmony. Though no way fatigued, I yet seated myself mechanically on a stone, and gave myself up to one of those profound reveries that I have so often experienced in the course of my life. There I was, then, upon this stone, when all at once my ear, or rather my whole existence was struck by sounds sometimes hurried, sometimes lengthened and sustained, which went from one mountain to another. I found these sounds proceeded from a horn; a woman's voice, sweet and flexible, mingled with the pensive notes in perfect unison. Roused, as if by enchantment

I started from my reverie; tears fell from my eyes, and I committed to my memory, or rather I engraved on it, the *Ranz des Vaches*, that I herewith send you. I thought it better to note it down simply, without rhythm, that is to say without measure. There are some things where the melody must be without restraint, to be itself—itself alone; the least attempt at measure would destroy the effect. This is so true in the present instance, that it was impossible to determine the time which the sounds, prolonging themselves in space, might take to reach from one mountain to another. To put this *Ranz des Vaches* into measure would be to destroy it; it would be to make it lose its characteristic, its simplicity. Thus to give it its true expression as I heard it, you must transport yourself in idea to the place that has given it birth, and whilst performing it at Paris, you should, by every effort your imagination can make, fancy yourself in Switzerland.”

It is indeed quite certain, that it is impossible to feel the effect of the *Ranz des Vaches*

in a drawing-room, a public concert, or the opera. It must be listened to amid the Alpine heights, at the side of a *châlet*, or on the borders of mountain lakes, surrounded by herds who know and love the tune, and follow it. It requires the grander accompaniments of nature; the torrent roar, the murmuring of waving pines, for its base; the wild echoes to catch and prolong it; the lowing of the cattle to answer it; the tinkling of their bells to mingle with it, at irregular intervals; the lofty solitudes and Alpine scenery from which it seems to draw something mysterious and magical—it requires the approaching shades of night to veil both the performers and the scene; and the profound silence all around, to give effect to the sudden bursts of simple modulation, which continually repeated, is still never monotonous.

The subject of the *Ranz des Vaches* is invariably the same, a kind of pastoral ballad, though the words vary in different districts. That of the *pays d'en haut*, where we now were,

is particularly agreeable to the ear, on account of the softness of the dialect, which bears a close resemblance to the Italian. It is as impossible to translate the pastoral expressions in all their *naïve* beauty, as it is to communicate the *canty* gaiety of Fergusson, or Burns, from "the north countrie" to the southern comprehension of a Londoner. The story, however, in plain prose, may give some idea of the construction of this spirit-stirring invocation, as the absent Swiss so often find it to their cost. The grand incident of the piece is invariably the cows ascending the mountains, where they are going to pass the summer; in the course of their journey they come to a *mauvais pas*, caused by torrents, or *éboulemens*, which they are unable to traverse. The chief herdsman is accordingly despatched to the Curé, to entreat him to put up a mass for them, and the dialogue between the parties constitutes the remainder of the subject. The sense of the words is literally as follows :

" The cow-herds of Columbeta are risen betimes,  
Cush-cows, cush-cows, come and be milked.

## CHORUS.

" Come along, all of you  
Come my pets,  
Black and white,  
Red and starred,  
Young and old,  
Under the oak,  
There I'll milk you ;  
Under the aspen-tree,  
There I'll settle the milk.

Cush-cows, cush-cows, come and be milked.

" Now we are come where the waters are out,  
We shall never be able to pass.

Come along, &c.

" O my poor little Peter, what must we do now ?  
We are finely mired, we shall all stick fast.

Come along, &c.

" Thou must go on, and knock at the door.  
At the Curate's door, the Curate's door.

Come along, &c.

" What must I say, what must I say ?

Come along, &c.

" Tell him he must say a mass for us  
That we may get over this awkward place,

Come along, &c.

" Peter's gone on to knock at the door,  
He's gone to tell the good Curate where we are.

Come along, &c.

" You must put up a mass for us,  
That we may get over that awkward place.

Come along, &c.

" My poor Brother, the Curate replies  
If thou dost really want to get over that bad place,

Come along, &c.

" Thou must give me a nice little cheese,  
But thou must not skim the milk first.

Come along, &c.

" Send your maid to us,  
And we will give her a good cream cheese.

Come along, &c.

" My maid ; oh no ! she is too pretty,  
Perhaps you would keep her, and not let her come back.

Come along, &c.

" O don't be afraid, our good priest,  
We are not so sharp-set as that comes to.

Come along, &c.

" If we squeezed your maid a little too tight,  
We should perhaps have to confess.

Come along, &c.

" If we meddled with the property of the church,  
We could not expect to be forgiven.

Come along, &c.

“ Go back then, my good Peter,  
I’ll say an Ave Maria for thee,  
Come along, &c.

“ I wish you good luck, and plenty of cheese,  
But mind you come often to see me again.  
Come along, &c.

Peter went back where the waters were out,  
And all, in a minute, were able to pass.  
Come along, &c.

“ They then began to make their cheese,  
For the cauldron was full before the cows were half milked.  
Come along, &c.”

---

In addition to this burden, or chorus, there is one often alternated with the first, to another tune:

“ Those who wear the bells  
Go the first:  
All the black ones,  
Go the last.”

---

Such is the *Ranz des Vaches* that I have heard; and such the words explained to me by

a pretty country girl, who repeated her sweet sounding patois,

Lé sonailliré  
Van le premiré  
Lé toté naire  
Van lé derrire.

with as much pride as we feel in quoting Chaucer or Shakspeare. The *dénouement* of this pastoral romance sums up the whole *beau idéal* of the golden age of mountain life.

The cauldron full before the cows are half milked, instantly transports the imagination of the cow-herds back to the blissful days, when, tradition says, the mountains were covered with thick grass instead of snow ; when the cows were so large that they were obliged to be milked three times a day in vast ponds ; when the cream was taken off in large boat-fuls, and the stair-cases were made of cheeses.

---

It was impossible to be surrounded by mountains, whose varying outlines and cloud-gather-



ing heads attracted our eyes every hour in the day, without being tempted to scale their heights, and familiarise ourselves with their peculiarities. Accordingly, as the weather was pronounced favourable by the weather-wise, we bent our steps at different times, in the directions of the Corjean, the Jaman, and the Naye. . To ascend the Corjean, we took a byepath to the left, between Rossinière and a romantic spot called Cuve; this path mounts in zig-zags for about two leagues; the wearisomeness of the ascent is relieved by the beauty of the laburnums, a rich variety of plants, and innumerable rills and torrents. Great quantities of the laburnum used to be sent to England, in the days of archery, to make bows with; it being deemed equal to the yew, in point of firmness and elasticity; at present it is used for bolts and staples, handles of scythes and other instruments, and flutes, for which purpose its dark brown, or rather black hue, in addition to its hardness, particularly fits it. The cabinet-makers, as well as the gardeners

call it, with reference to its colour, mock ebony : the peasants, not unhappily designating it by its hardness call it "wood of steel." Arrived at length at the châteaux, we gladly rested awhile; the cows were quietly grazing on the fine pasturage around, whilst the sheep bleated from the rocks above; we then proceeded to the steep ridge of the mountain, which, the Corjean being situated at the exact angle of the entrance into the Gruyères, afforded us a panoramic view of twelve leagues round; from the glaciers of Oberland to the lake of Neuchâtel; with every intervening individuality of hamlet, town and village; steeples, bridges, rivers, rocks, mountains, valleys, and forests: only our own steep and rugged ascent seemed to lose its fidelity in looking back upon it—like past troubles, that which was perplexity and uneasiness in the endurance, once surmounted, seems to have been nothing. On the opposite side of the mountain are some curious caves, which I declined crawling, worm like, into, because all caves are alike, and to all

alike I have a particular repugnance; engendered, I believe, by the vague horror I once felt, at being informed, at Castleton, in Derbyshire, where my curiosity led me into one, that I was at that moment under the bed of the river Dove. I fancied immediately I heard its waters above my head, and the awful words, "in those days they shall call upon the mountains to cover them," came to my recollection with such overwhelming solemnity, that I thought if I only lived to see the blessed beams of the sun once more, I would never again be guilty of the sin of voluntarily burying myself, or to speak more correctly, burrowing myself in subterranean darkness. In one of these caves is a quantity of bones, probably those of a family of bears, who formerly made these hiding places of nature their home. To them the foxes have succeeded, as tenants in common; and that human beings also have sought occasional refuge in these dismal abodes is evident from initials, rudely traced with a

knife on the sides of the rocks, down which the trickling of streams is heard in the obscurity that does not allow them to be distinctly seen. So unconquerable is the craving after sympathy, which, even in the most wild and insulated situations, prompts man to tell his fellow man that a being as unfortunate as himself has preceded him in the asylum he seeks. A few peasants, a little way from us, were looking for moon's milk ; that is to say, a kind of soft chalk, found in many of the caverns on the summits of the calcareous mountains ; and which, in former times, being deemed a panacea in many diseases, was a great source of emolument to those who took the trouble to gather it. It is now the fashion to believe in its virtues no longer.

The Jaman, though of laborious access, does not present any difficulty that might be deemed insurmountable by ladies ; and it is peculiarly eligible for those who are in the neighbourhood of Vevay or Montreux, as a transit across it

introduces them immediately into the pastoral districts, where they will see the Swiss manners and the Swiss character in somewhat of their primitive simplicity. Arrived at the base of the *dent* or peak of the mountain, we found on the long esplanade which joins it to the Dent de Maerdossen, one of the most remarkable echoes in Switzerland. It "syllables men's names" most precisely, from one "airy voice" to another, with a suitable pause between each, five or six times; every one fainter and fainter, till the last dies away into indistinctness. Very different are the sounds that proceed from an inaccessible rock of yellow hue, nearly opposite, on the sides of the Naye, hollowed out into a spacious cavern, called the Magpie's grotto. These birds are very numerous in Switzerland, and this spot is their general wintering place for many leagues round. Their cries and screams, when thus congregated together in darkness, are of the most astounding loudness and discordance. The shepherd who pointed the place out to us described the sound as an *infernal*

noise, and, doubtless, it has often appeared so, in every sense of the word, when it has startled the solitary passenger, at some late perplexing hour, in these wild regions.

A little lake, not far from the Dent de Jaman, such as in the west of Yorkshire would be called a *tarn*, refreshes the scene by its clear waters, and enlivens it by attracting the cattle to drink at them ; it presents also fragments of rock which have rolled down to the very edge of its borders, probably ages ago, from the mountains around ; some of these fragments have become the nursing mothers of firs and other children of the forest ; and others again are covered with bushes, mosses, and rhododendrons. The triangular peak of the Jaman is only accessible on one side, the other two being nearly perpendicular ; one of them, however, called, by the peasants, [the sun-dial of the earth, because, at mid-day, its shadow falls in such a manner as to specify the hour, has been ascended by some chamois-hunters ; among the rest, by Michel Manin, whose name ought

to be engraven on the spot for his benevolence, which, had his means equalled his wishes, would have embraced the entire human race: as it was, he left the whole of his little property, two thousand francs, the accumulation of years of active industry, to “*all the poor in the universe.*” His trustees were at first considerably perplexed how to connect so high-sounding a form of bequest with the modicity of the funds from which it was to be put into action. The method they hit upon was equally creditable to their liberality and their honesty: they appropriated the yearly interest to all such strangers “of the universe” as might be in sickness or want at the time of passing through their commune; continuing to relieve their own poor, as heretofore, solely from their own stores.

The Jaman is sometimes, in the winter and spring, a dangerous passage, as well on account of the depth of the snow, as in being subject to avalanches, and to the peculiar *tourmente*, as the mountaineers expressly term the snowy winds,

or windy snows called the *Arein*; a word which signifies in the patois of the country, a sandy snow, the particles thereof being dry and brittle: these *areins* are formed by one layer of snow falling upon another, already frozen and hard, and a strong wind forcing its way between the two, slicing off, if I may be allowed so homely an expression, the latest fallen and undermost, and driving it down the inclined and icy plain on which it has sought its short repose, with a fury that sweeps before it trees, châteaux, herds, human beings, all in one bewildering, blinding hurricane, condemning the unfortunate passenger to certain death. In 1767 one of these *areins* swept away between the Jaman, and the village of Allières, in Fribourg, on which we were now looking down, in all the serenity of a summer's day, a number of large firs, and several houses; which it carried to the verge of the precipices washed by the Hongrin, in the Gruyères, sawing the cabaret of Allières literally in two, and carrying away the upper story, to



the amazement of the inmates, who were thus ejected from the attics to the ground floor, without a moment's notice to quit.

When any accident, fatal to life, occurs on the Jaman, it is forbidden to remove the body until the arrival of a magistrate ; excepting the mother be present, in which case her sanction is deemed sufficient. The presence of the father is not considered equal authority : there is something very touching in this deference to maternal feeling.

The cheese made on the Jaman is esteemed as good as that of the Gruyères. For two hundred years, the rights to the pasturages of this mountain were fiercely contested by the communes of Montboven on the Fribourg side, and Les Planches, or Montreux, on that of the canton de Vaud. It was a complete history of forays ; moonlight nights served for signals to either party to drive off and possess themselves of the herds of the other ; law suits, arbitrations, fisty cuffs, fire arms, single combat, risings *en masse* were the means alter-

nately resorted to for settling the dispute, according to the ability or temperament of the disputants. But when the Pays de Vaud placed itself under the protection of the canton of Berne, the question was speedily and peremptorily settled in favour of Montreux; the line of demarcation exactly marked: and a road from Vevay into the Simmenthal made across the Jaman; rude enough, but yet passable for beasts of burden, by which the transport of wines and other merchandize is effected.

The Naye forms what may be termed a mountain valley, a league and a half in length, and about half a league in width: it is surmounted by two vast ledges of rock, the steepest of which looks upon the lake of Lausanne, and is seen from every point of it, like a giant wall: the other borders the mountain of Chaude, in the territory of Ville-neuve. On this pasturage, which belongs to the commune of Leytaux, one of the largest and finest châlets to be found in the Alps was erected about twenty years ago, at the common expense. It is one hundred and fifty feet long, and

twenty-two wide: all the planks and beams of which it is composed, were brought upon men's shoulders, from a pine forest a league lower down. It is a noble piece of rural architecture, but has the disadvantage of not being well supplied with water. In this *châlet*, as well as in many others, the proprietors are obliged, by the commune, to provide bibles for the use of the shepherds. The Naye is in the parish of Montreux; by setting out at about eleven o'clock at night, from Montreux, with a guide, its summit, not more than five leagues from the lake, may be reached at sun-rise, when one of the grandest and most varied views in the Alps, is gradually developed to the eye; Mont Blanc lifting his head above the clouds; mountains of all forms and elevations; valleys, plains, lakes, rivers, torrents; the Alps of Savoy, the central Alps from St. Bernard to the mountains of Oberland; then the gently swelling line of the verdant Jura; on the one side, all smiling and cultivated, on the other, all severe and sublime.

A little way from the *châlet* on this mountain, are two caves, one, above it, to the left, is called the dropping cave ; it is a deep hollow, seventy or eighty feet in diameter, serving as a receptacle for a vast cove of snow, over which the summer sun has no power, save that of detaching perpetual drops ; the other, about the same distance below the *châlet*, is called the grotto of the winds ; it is a narrow opening in the rock, through which a perpetual current of air rushes forth ; it is supposed to communicate with an aperture in the opposite side of the mountain, by which means the current is kept up. Similar currents of air are very common in the Grisons, and Italian Switzerland. There are many other curious caverns in this mountain, interesting from the field they open to the imagination, as to the use made by them in ancient times, when Villeneuve, over which it looks, was a principal Roman station ; in later days, they have been continually resorted to, as the hiding places and temporary residences of metal searchers ; the Naye having the repu-

tation of possessing rich mines, which some few capitalists have endeavoured to ascertain, but which have hitherto failed to produce anything that has rewarded the search they incessantly tempt.

Certainly a mountain excursion is a very delightful thing. It is the sphere of Hope, for at every step, there is something to expect, and at every step, expectation is fed without being sated. To explore everything that is curious in Switzerland to the geologist, the mineralogist, the botanist, or the naturalist, might doubtless occupy a life time; but the mere amateur of fine scenes, and fresh air, may console himself, if his time be limited, by the reflection that one mountain excursion is very like another; and that his actual notions of the nature of these stupendous masses, and of the modes of living, and manners of those who inhabit them, where habitable, will probably be as correct, from seeing two or three, as from endeavouring to crowd his memory with the names of all the points and pinnacles he may behold in

the immense distances ; and which are straight forgotten again, unless the stimulus of personal interest, or the gradual familiarity of habit, lend its aid to bring generals to particulars, and thus enable them to make a more permanent impression on the recollection. The terms for these divers elevations vary in different cantons. In the Canton de Vaud they are *dents*, or teeth ; as the Dent de Jaman, the Dent au Midi. In that of Geneva they are all *aiguilles*, or needles ; towards Oberland and the German cantons they are horns and peaks ; as Wetterhorn, the horn of storms, so called because it is always covered with clouds, ; Schreek horn, or the horn of terror, a rocky peak too steep to admit of the snows resting on its surface, from which they descend into the valleys, forming the mighty glaciers and seas of ice, which are indeed, images of terror and desolation.

---

After spending six weeks in the sequestered

valley of Rossinière, familiarising ourselves with the simple habits and conversation of the inhabitants, which seemed to throw us back into the wilds of Yorkshire or Lancashire, a hundred years ago, we took leave of the worthy pastor, and of a number of persons we knew better by sight than name, and started for Interlaken; which, by a very opposite destiny to that of Rossinière, has been lifted, within the last fifteen years, from total obscurity, its name before scarcely to be found in a road-book or to be traced upon a map, to a place of fashionable resort, for people of all nations; but above all for the English, insomuch that out of two thousand persons who, at the lowest calculation, visit it in the course of four months termed "the season," it may be fairly estimated that fifteen hundred of them are from the British Isles.

The road through the Simmenthal not being accessible to any vehicle more dignified than a *char*, a sort of little wooden cart with benches, we engaged with a young man to take us as far

as Thoun, whence we proposed to go to Inter-lacken by the steam-boat. We could not help smiling at the simplicity of our driver, who had never before been out of his native valley, and was ready to weep when he lost sight of Rossinière; he seemed seized all at once with the "*maladie du pays*," and could see nothing to admire in any other place. The roughness of the road likewise, and the long ascent greatly discomposed him; on account of his horse, a young thing which he had fetched from the mountains, the day before; and as he kept talking to it, and lamenting that he had ever brought it such a "*jolie trotte*," he reminded me of Collins' beautiful Eclogue—

" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way.,"

The case however was reversed—the "driver Hassan" lamented that he had been tempted by gold to leave the haunts of men; our poor fellow, on the contrary, regretted that he had been tempted to come among them. When we ap-



proached Zweissimmen, in the canton of Berne, which takes its name from being on the confluence of the greater and lesser Simmen or Seven Fountains, his consternation increased, at hearing a language foreign to his ears, and when I asked him if he could speak German, he replied with a despairing shrug, "*O mon père !* I have no heart to try, I only wish I could see Rossinière again." An additional franc, however, which I put into his hand, as we approached our resting place for the night, in order that he might get a good bottle of wine for his supper, and two *batzen* for an additional feed for his horse, anticipated their office of cheering his spirits, and greatly dispersed the cloud upon his countenance. The next day finding that his horse and himself had survived the first half of the campaign, he took courage, brightened up, and performed the remainder of the journey with the cheerfulness and good humour the expression of which in his countenance had first recommended him to us.

The first place we arrived at from Rossinière was Château d'Oex, from the terrace of which

may be seen, as we were informed, for we did not stay to count them, between three and four thousand châteaux and houses, scattered on the acclivities and in the surrounding valleys; from the banks of the Sarrine to the foot of the rocks which form the summits of the Alps. This may seem an incredible number, but it must be recollected that the Gessenai and the whole of the Simmenthal is one vast dairy land, and all its inhabitants shepherds; even the richest among them often driving their own herds, and milking them with their own hands. Every herd changes its pasturage from stage to stage, up the mountains and down again, at least three times in regular course, during the summer, and consequently châteaux and shelter for the cattle are wanted at each resting place. Sometimes the materials, being only trunks of pine, are taken down and removed from one place to another, but this is very rare and only among the poor. The wealth of a proprietor consists in the number of his châteaux and granges, as well as of his cows, and it is by no means

uncommon for one to possess from six or eight to ten or twenty of these buildings, apparently so rudely put together, and yet capable of resisting the elements for centuries. The middle of the summer is not the time to see these lovely scenes to the most advantage, as the cattle are then on the very summits of the mountains, and the hamlets are comparatively mute; but in the spring and autumn the lower valleys are filled with herds, whose bells, their incessant jingle softened by distance, make no unpleasing accompaniment to the shrill, clear voice of their attendants, whose *ranz des vaches* may be heard farther than the eye can discern whence it proceeds.

When the cattle first go out in the Spring they are always headed by the cow who has been queen of the herd the year before; and who, graced with a finer collar and larger bell than the rest, proudly stalks along the paths of which she seems to retain a perfect remembrance; arrived at their place of destination,

she either maintains or relinquishes her sovereignty, according to the result of a battle she invites, for the purpose of ascertaining it; the same ceremony takes place with any stranger cow, who may join the herd at a later period, and the advantage once acknowledged is never afterwards disputed, throughout the season.

A herd generally consists of two or three hundred cows, who of their own accord divide into smaller parties, from ten to twenty, which keep together each under a leader of their own, but still submitted, when they meet, to the general leader. On the eighth day after the cattle are gone out, while they are yet in the first stage of their migration, each cow is milked by its respective owner, and the produce separately weighed: this operation is repeated on the 15th. or 16th. of August, and according to the average quantity produced on those days, the share of profit in the general produce is determined. It is calculated that each cow gives a hundred weight of cheese during the summer months, at the rate of three

pints of milk to a pound. In England a good cow, on average land, is calculated to give two hundred pounds of cheese in the year.

There is a benevolent custom of giving away cream from the Châlets, to the poor, once during the season, on the third sunday in August; as some little consolation to them for the mortification of not being able to see upon the mountains even a single cow of their own, that great object of ambition and beginning of wealth, among a pastoral people. The same custom also is observed in the Canton of Berne; but not with such fulness of good-will as in the Canton de Vaud; for there they do not allow the poor people to take their portion home with them, which they do in the Canton de Vaud; and where is the mother who could derive pleasure from a treat from which some one of her children or family might be kept away by occupation, sickness, or other hindrance? as it is, the boon is perfect. The mountain sides are covered on the day appointed with

rural pilgrims coming to claim it, and also with crowds of spectators who take pleasure in witnessing their enjoyment.

All the faculties of man in these pastoral valleys are directed to one sole object—*milk*, under every form it is capable of taking, is his only industry and only commerce. The trade is composed of six branches, the most profitable of which is the large cheeses, the quality of which increases in value according to their weight. The fabrication of these large cheeses requires capital in proportion, and it is carried on at the expense of the inferior productions, such as butter, whey, and poorer cheeses, which come within the means of the humbler proprietors. The effects of this system are the same as have been produced in England by the absorption of small farms in large ones; individual employment being lessened in proportion to the more extended scale on which occupations are carried on, the number of families subsisting by it are lessened also; and the decrease in the population would be greater still, under

similar circumstances, in any other country than one so remarkable as this, for its simplicity of manners, and attachment to its ancient habits, No ideas, however, of this kind are forced upon the mind of the traveller, in passing through this most happy looking district: he is told of proprietors worth a million of francs, and he is ready to think of the shepherd kings and to fancy the golden age restored.

So completely pastoral is this district that there is not a plough to be found in it, and all the corn it produces would not supply the inhabitants with a single week's consumption. Their gardens and orchards are left to run wild; yet will they gather, with their own hands, every blade of grass that grows in the hedges, or other places, that cannot be got at by the scythe. It is scarcely possible to give an idea of the exceeding importance attached to the hay harvests, in these pastoral communes, even those spots which are inaccessible to the goats are gained by the poorer people, who risk their lives by clinging to the sides of the precipices,

with iron crampons attached to their feet, to give them more firmness in their hold: they generally have half of what they thus gather for their pains; they bring it all down the steep and dangerous descents on their backs, in bundles of one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds' weight, except in some cases, where they tie them up, and roll them down the side of the mountain into the valley. Sometimes the crampons of these poor people break; in that case their falls are usually fatal, and under the most favorable circumstances there can scarcely be anything more laborious and wretched than their exertions, as long as the time for them lasts. They generally sleep in the open air, or in the cavities of the rocks, and their food consists almost entirely of cheese. One of these poor men remaining to finish his self-allotted task, having sent his children home early, on account of a dangerous pass, and not returning himself, at the time he was expected, was found the next day, dead of fatigue and exhaustion; his hands folded meekly on his



breast, as if his last thoughts had been resignation and prayer.

It is certainly in this district that we see the genuine Swiss pastoral character, and the scenes that surround them are not only of exquisite wild beauty, but have also the great advantage of being free from the crowd of strangers, that in all places of known resort, continually interrupt the feelings which the grandeur and solitude of nature call forth.

I could give no idea, were I to attempt it, of the attractions we found in a walk in the retired valley of L'Etivaz: a pair of noble eagles soaring over our heads, the Tourneresse dashing between lofty rocks at our feet; the magnificent forests of pine; the little groups of snow-white goats, unexpectedly surprising us, as we did them, and forming, with the steep banks to which they were clinging, rich with the hues of innumerable plants, a picture in themselves. The house of the minister, and the church, both constructed entirely of wood, stand at the bottom of this narrow insulated valley; opposite

them, a brook descending from the rocky heights of the Thomaley, and the little glacier of the Vodala runs into the Tourneresse. The cure and church are preserved from being buried beneath the vast fragments that sometimes detach themselves from the rocks over head, by a narrow forest, which intercepts them in their fall. On this account its Hamadryads are regarded with the most sacred veneration, and indeed strictly guarded by the laws of the commune which forbid the felling of a single tree in the place, where it may be truly said

“ ——— the rude axe, with heaved stroke,  
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,  
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.”

This secluded village had formerly the learned historian Plantin for its pastor, and, with literary pursuits and such magnificence of nature around him, its insulation from society could scarcely be regarded as a disadvantage.

There is hardly a spot in Switzerland, however retired, where some English may not be

found. At Château d'Oex, an English clergyman and his family had established themselves as residents; probably they were not acquainted with the existence of l'Étivaz, though so near them; and I am not sure I am doing its inhabitants a service in drawing attention to its sequestered beauties, its salubrious baths, and the interesting mountain excursions by which it may communicate with the Valais, and the romantic villages that border the eastern extremity of the "Leman Lake."

At the short distance of Château d'Oex from Rossinière, only one league, the spring is reckoned ten days later; at Rougemont, two leagues beyond, yet more backward; and at Gessenai, another league off, it is further still in arrear. So much in this country depends on local peculiarities: inasmuch that we may leave Rossinière, with all the graces of May in our train, and gradually dropping them on the route, we may arrive at Gsteig, the last village in the same valley, with all the attendants of winter shivering at our heels.

The name of the Gessenai, signifies a habitation, in the snows ; appropriate enough to some of the situations on the northern side of the valley, which, for twelve weeks successively, are never gladdened by the rays of the sun ; whilst at the same season on the opposite side, it shines forth eight hours every day, with a heat and splendour increased by its reflections from the surrounding rocks. Often in the same parish, on one side may be seen houses almost buried in the snow, and on the other, women spinning or platting straw, at their open windows. It is in fact, winter, in two opposite climes ; the South of France and the North of Russia ; and, as Switzerland is an abridgment of Europe, so is the Gessenai an abridgment of Switzerland ; and Nature, in composing this epitome of the Alps, has also included in it an epitome of every climate in the globe.

The little town of Rougemont, where we stopped to breakfast, was formerly as much distinguished for the learning nursed within the walls of its priory, of the order of Cluny,

as for its fine château, of which now only a vestige remains. The Abbey was founded about the year 1080. The lands with which it was in part endowed, now so rich and so thickly populated, were styled in the original instrument, "the desert," and one solitary inhabitant, the only one it afforded, was transferred with them. The brotherhood gradually humanised the solitude, drained the marshes on the borders of the Sarine, cleared away the antique forests which shrouded the country in darkness, and laid the foundation of its present smiling aspect.

At the extremity of the bourg a small stream, descending from a neighbouring mountain to the north, marks the boundary of German Switzerland, which we here entered. At Gessenai or Saaran, sheltered between the mountains, and bathed by the river, from which it takes its second appellation, we enter upon the eastern or German division of the Simmenthal, which differs from the western in character, manners, laws and privileges, as well as language. For

the enjoyment of its peculiar rights and privileges, it has to thank its own prudence and foresight, in purchasing them from time to time of its ancient lords, the Counts de Gruyères; who, in the latter periods of their waning greatness, were, as I have already mentioned, continually obliged to raise money by the sale of their seignorial rights. The whole district bears the mark of prosperity. The people are tall and handsome; the costume of the women, with their red or blue petticoats, and large straw hats, trimmed with broad black ribbons, is very becoming. Here, too, we began to see the black Bernese cap, with its expanded butterfly wings, always so stiffly extended; but upon enquiry, I found that much of this seeming lace is in reality woven with horse hair, instead of silk, and endures for ever, as the people say; coming to one eldest daughter after another, from generation to generation, turning, however, somewhat red in the course of its descent.

The houses in the Simmenthal appeared to

us magnificent, after the humble aspect of Rossinière; and even without the aid of contrast they could not fail to attract the eye by their extent and decorations: at Zweyssimmen, the aubergiste told us that his house, though only of wood, had cost nine hundred and eighty pounds sterling in building; a very large sum of money for this part of the world, and where wood also is extremely cheap; but it will give an idea of the solidity and size of these patriarchal looking constructions. At Boltigen, in particular, there was one of recent erection, which was really splendid in its scale, its ornaments and its dependencies. Its square form, its double flight of steps, its carved balconies, one above another, ornamented with flowers, its long lines of windows, all denoted equal taste and opulence; though only the abode of a peasant, enriched with the produce of his herds: but then we must bear in mind that in the Canton of Berne, peasants worth a million of francs are not rare to be met with. Many of them possess a quantity of land equal to

twelve millions of square feet; they are, in fact, at the present day, in point of possessions, though not of unjust privileges, all that the feudal barons formerly were; yet strange to say, in the capital of this same canton, two thousand persons, that is to say, one seventh of the whole population, receive public relief as paupers.

The number of windows in the Swiss houses greatly add to their lightsomeness and beauty. I counted fifty eight in one of comparatively small dimensions, and in the Maison Henchoz at Rossinière, called by way of distinction "the great house," there are one hundred and thirteen. I could not help regretting the fatal influence which the window tax in England has had upon our architecture, and upon the health and morals of the poor, by often crowding two or three families into one apartment, in consequence of the increase of rent which it necessarily occasioned—Happily this grievance is now partially removed, but its effects upon our buildings will remain for cen-



turies, to mark the period when it was in operation. In addition to the long line of windows and balconies ornamented with flowers, the exterior of the houses is rendered still more interesting in this canton, by the inscriptions with which they are covered: these inscriptions consist of the names of the builders and owners, with the date of the erection of the building, to which are added appropriate texts of scripture, and sometimes moral sentences in prose or verse. One of these inscriptions was, "May it be said of this house, as of that of Zaccheus, this day has salvation come unto it." This custom of thus consecrating, as it may be deemed, the dwelling places of Christians pleased me much: it seemed impossible that such holy words could have been inscribed by the hands, without affecting the hearts of those who had thus at once commemorated and sanctified their labours; and that the goodly influence must have been handed down from generation to generation, with even increased reverence. Indeed so greatly was my own mind impressed

with the solemn appeal thus continually made to our dependance and humility, that when I saw a handsome house of a period apparently more modern than those by which it was surrounded, with only the name of the builder inscribed thereon, I turned my eyes away with a feeling of disappointment, not unmixed with somewhat of disgust, at the egotism which seemed to savour of impiety. These inscriptions are more particularly desirable in the Protestant cantons, as their churchyards are in general entirely void not only of the sacred texts that

“ Teach the rustic moralist to die,”

but even of the names of those who lie under the green sod, or the date of their being consigned to it—a deficiency which leaves a painful vacuum in the feelings, and makes one almost regret the Catholic graves, sanctified by the cross and ornamented with flowers, inviting the survivors to turn their duteous feet to pay the tribute of a wreath to the memory of those who rest beneath.

About a mile from Gessenai, we see from an eminence on the road to Zweysimmen, a

complete picture of the most striking features of Switzerland; mountains of all grades, rocks of every aspect; glaciers, torrents, forests, hamlets, *châlets*, are there brought immediately under the eye, or guessed at, with perhaps still more enthusiasm in the grandeur of the "cloud capped" distance. Gessenai is moreover the centre of a circle whence seven distinct valleys, each remarkable in its peculiar character and beauties, diverge—it is indeed an epitome of every variety of Swiss scenery and Swiss manners.

It was a little way from Gessenai that we first beheld the glaciers of the Furca and the Upper Valais, shining like silver beneath the sun. We looked at them with great delight; first for their own radiant magnificence, next because we could now *say* we had seen them; that great inducement to travellers who are conscientious enough to hesitate between truth and vanity, to fatigue themselves alike in body and mind, by endeavouring to achieve all the wonders recommended to their performance by guide-books and guides; and thirdly because

we really did anticipate still greater gratification from a nearer survey of them within no very distant period. And now I may as well confess it in this place, as in any other, that when that period arrived and I found myself in actual contact with these same glaciers, I was disappointed in them. I do not pretend to say that the fault was not in myself, but yet I would fain lay a part of it upon the exaggerated descriptions of most travellers, and all guide-books, which lead the reader to expect something beyond even the enchantments of Thalaba, and make no allowance for differing circumstances of time and weather, and lights and shadows, and a thousand other accidents and ills that "flesh," particularly travelling flesh "is heir to." People who are ashamed of the singularity or untenableness of their arguments generally try to strengthen them by the authority of some name of more importance than their own; I may therefore be excused for remarking that M. de Chateaubriand, who is much more addicted to clothing objects in purple and gold

than depicting them with "a green and yellow melancholy," seem to have viewed the glaciers with as jaundiced an eye as I myself may be accused of having done, if we may judge by his own description of them.

"They who have found out diamonds, topazes and emeralds in the glaciers," says he, "are more fortunate than I have been; my imagination has never been able to discover such treasures. The snows at the base of the glacier des bois, mixed with the dust of the granite appeared to me very like ashes. The Mer de Glace itself in many places might be taken for chalk pits and lime quarries. It is only in its crevices, here and there, that prismatic tints are visible, and as to the layers of ice which rest upon the sides of the rock, they greatly resemble huge fragments of bottle glass."

Perhaps I was less sensible to the grandeur and extent of these plains of ice than most others, from the circumstance of my imagination having been early familiarised with descriptions of the northern seas. Born in a

sea-port in the North of England, where the talk is of whales, as naturally as on the borders of Leman Lake it is of trout, I thought of Captain Ross when I should have been thinking of Mr. De Saussure, and of Spitzbergen and the Frozen Ocean, instead of the Mer de Glace. The fact is, I believe that in all things my imagination is apt to go beyond the possible. When other people have been charmed with some famed opera dancer, (if I may compare great things with small,) who could give half a dozen capers and twirls in the air, I have only felt disappointed that he leaped short of the ceiling; and when a shower of sky-rockets on any public rejoicing have drawn forth the acclamations of the multitude, I have been thinking of the vanity of earthly things, because they fell to the ground, instead of commercing with the stars.

Having thus made a clean breast, as the language of the confessional terms it, on this important branch of the sublime and beautiful, I may return with a clear conscience to the

lovely Simmenthal; with its verdant valleys guarded by lofty mountains and inaccessible rocks, crowned with forests of pine, among which the beech with its bright verdure is here and there seen, emulating the hardihood of the more solemnly clad natives of those stony regions; and like them maintaining its footing in crevices and on points which seem incapable of affording nourishment; but where they thrive, nevertheless, and wave their heads in the blast, a delightful emblem of the energy which can conquer whatever obstacles may be opposed to its success.

As we advanced towards the termination of the valley, it became at every turn more and more magnificent as it contracted in width. The rapid, winding river rolled with more agitation over its stony bed, and a thousand little torrents gushed from the rocks in haste to precipitate themselves into it: the Niesen reared its lofty head on one side, the cliffs of the Simmenfluh on the other, and seemed to shut in the entrance so narrowly that, until we came close

upon it we could scarcely fancy an outlet was to be found. A sharp, angular turn, however, showed us the ancient castle and church of Wimmis, at the foot of the enormous pyramid of the Neisen ; with the Stockhorn and magnificent chain of mountains beyond, to the left ; gradually sloping down to the lovely shores of the lake of Thun.

So delighted had I been with the houses of wood, in the Simmenthal, that I was sorry to perceive bricks and mortar superseding them, as we proceeded towards Thun ; particularly accompanied, as they were, by mean looking little verandahs, like those to be seen in the City-road, instead of the wide balconies of the Simmenthal ; but it seems that pine wood is becoming every year dearer and dearer in Switzerland, owing partly to the immense quantities sold to France, agents from which country buy up whole forests of it at a time, and partly to the habitual neglect of the Swiss themselves, with respect to planting in place of what they cut down ; entertaining an idea,



which time has proved to be erroneous, that the species would reproduce itself in equal proportion. Neither do they understand the art of planting; seldom leaving, when they attempt to practise it, a sufficient number of old trees to shelter the young ones from the blasts, which continually tear them up by the roots, or preserving them from the sheep and goats, that bite off the tender shoots.

When we consider also that the produce of centuries may be cut down in a day, and that at the height of a thousand feet from the level of the lake, a fir does not gain above sixteen inches in diameter in eighty years, we may easily believe that in time the mountains themselves may be denuded of these their ornaments and safe-guards, and that thus stripped, and the soil on their rugged sides being no longer held together by the massive trunks thus weighing upon them, and the widely spreading roots that entwine themselves among the interstices of the rocks, which they thus seemed appointed to keep together, avalanches, torrents, *eboulemens*

and *écroulemens* will take place, by which in the revolution of ages, the whole face and character of the country may be changed. The government of Berne has, however, of late become sensible of its neglect, and waste. It has appointed masters of the Forests in Oberland, and issued various laws with respect to the preservation of the trees: insomuch that cutting a pine is in some districts punishable by the delinquent being ejected from his premises.

---

At Thun we appeared to be at the very foot of the Alps, which we saw rising around us on every side, in the most magnificent varieties of form. The Eiger, the Schreckhorn, the Finsteraarhorn, and above all the Jungfrau, that Goddess of mountain mythology, rising 12,852 feet above the sea, rear their snow-covered heads around, and give additional charms to the lovely hamlets and fertile valleys which they seem to watch over, as their tri-

butary subjects. On our arrival we drove up to the Hotel Bellevue, on the borders of the lake, but seeing the lawn before the house covered with ladies and gentlemen, dressed out for dinner in as *grande toilette* as they would have been at Bath or Brighton, we took fright, and turning round, we flew "for freedom to an inn," and found at the Hotel Der Freghof, near the foot of the bridge, every accommodation we could desire. There was at the same time in the house an English gentleman, who, with his family, consisting of his wife and ten or eleven children, governess, preceptor, servants, &c.. literally occupied one half of the whole house. He travelled, I believe, in the same patriarchal manner, wherever he went; and certainly I could not but envy him the blessing which his affluence thus enabled him to enjoy; for, whatever may be the pleasures afforded by the contemplation of foreign scenes, the almost impossibility of having our delight shared in, and heightened by all those

we love, is enough in itself to throw a neutralising tint over the loveliest objects in creation. And hence it is that I cannot but augur ill of the sensibility of those who voluntarily prefer a residence of years, nay, sometimes, of their whole lives, in places and among people with whom they can have no associates in common, either in remembrance or anticipation, individual affection, or national feeling.

It is a most useful thing for a traveller to bear in mind that by ascending, as soon as an opportunity may occur, after his arrival in a place, the highest point of view it may command, he gains a better knowledge, in five minutes, of its local peculiarities, and relative situation, than he could by as many hours, and sometimes days, of pedestrian enquiry.

I remember practising this kind of observation from one of the loftiest spires in the flats of Lincolnshire; and being so completely satisfied with my bird's-eye conviction of the uniformity of the corn-fields and meadow lands

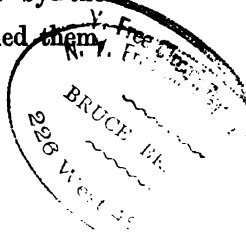
around, divided by naked dykes, and skirted by straight lines of sandy road, that I had not the slightest wish to go out of the house again, during the remainder of my stay in that country of money and good things; most agreeable to the land-holders, but most barren of interest to those whose possessions happen to be more in the imagination, than in the tangible form of "produce." In compliance with this rule, which I beg all prudent travellers to lay down to themselves, as soon as we had secured the accommodation we required, we lost no time before we ascended the eminence on which stands the parochial church, in the middle of the cemetery at Thun; from it we beheld the town below, with its towers and antique buildings traversed by the Aar, graciously lending the power of its waters to divers old fashioned-looking mills, as it pursued its course towards the Rhine; the lake, the lovely country that bordered it on each side, the enormous heights of the Stockhorn to the

west, the Niesen to the south-west, the Blumlisalp further to the south, wrapped in ice, and the Jungfrau always serene and majestic, with innumerable peaks of other mountains, some veiled in light silvery clouds, some shining beneath the full splendour of the morning sun, with rocks, ravines, forests, pasturages, *châlets*, hamlets, castles, and spires, intermingled on their sides, and in the plains ; altogether forming a scene which, whilst it inspired the strongest admiration as we thus contemplated it spread before our eyes, excited also the most impatient desire to glide upon the surface of the clear blue lake, to traverse the lovely shores, thread the sinuosities of the mountain gorges, scale their heights, and at every step inhale still purer air, and discover still more striking beauties.

From Thun the steam-boat conveys the *beau monde* three times *per diem* to Interlaken, performing its pretty little voyage, in *five quarters* of an hour, as the time is somewhat oddly calculated.

The shores of the lake of Thun are extremely beautiful; to us they appeared even more so than the lake of Lausanne: at any rate they are more adapted for the study of a painter; the objects on each side being sufficiently near to admit of delineation with more precision, whilst the magnificent frame work of mountains is, from the majesty of the Jungfrau, and of the glaciers, still grander.

The Château of Spietz, on the right hand side of the lake, about half way from Thun, is equally attractive from its position and from the chivalrous remembrances connected with it, when it was called "*La Cour Dorée*," from the brilliant courts held within its walls, and afterwards as the scene of republican greatness, in the patrician houses of Balemberg and Erlach. This greatness, however, received a fatal check on the twelfth of June, 1748, when Balemberg with his wife, it being his bridal day, his kinsman Stratzlingen, and all the flower of the youthful nobility of Thun, perished by the striking of the vessel which contained them.



upon a rock a quarter of a league north of the castle, at a point where the water is the deepest. Nearly opposite is the Chateau of Oberhafen, formerly the residence of the lord of Eschenbach, one of the four assassins of the Emperor Albert I, of Austria, who, at the moment of his death, was meditating an expedition against the three free Cantons. Nevertheless the Swiss, detesting the unlawful means which removed one of the greatest enemies to their liberty, pursued his murderers with all the severity of justice. The Seigneur of Eschenbach compelled to seek his safety in flight, passed thirty years in the disguise of a shepherd, saw his family become extinct, the castle of his fathers made the residence of a stranger, and only on his death-bed, ventured to reveal the secret of his former greatness.

A little farther is the village of Merlingen, the inhabitants of which enjoy a similar reputation for wisdom, with those of Coggeshall in Essex, or the wise men of Gotham; they furnish inexhaustible subjects for jokes to their



neighbours, who point out certain yellow patches of ground in their vicinity, as the places where they sowed salt, in expectation of a copious harvest; but the men of Merlingen, being as irascible as simple, and as muscular as irascible, the practical consequences of these jokes are not always in favour of the jokers. A little beyond is Beatenhöle, or the grotto of St. Beat, an Englishman by birth, and of illustrious family; who was the first preacher of Christianity in this part of the world, and who terminated his long life in the savage nook which bears his name. This scene of wild beauty was long the devout resort of pilgrims, but was at last despoiled by the magistracy of Berne.

With these histories was our little voyage beguiled; but still more so by the sublimities around, and by the deep blue of the water, continually changing to shades of the tenderest green; varied also by spots alternately dark and brilliant, an interesting phenomenon, peculiar

to this lake, and caused, it is imagined, by imperceptible currents of air.

On arriving at Neuhaus, our landing place, we were immediately made conscious, by the number of cars and car-drivers, porters and guides who were waiting to receive us, with the same obliging *empressement* which the Dover *Touters* manifest towards the arrivals from the coast of France, that we were approaching a place of fashionable resort. We gave something like a sigh to the conviction, and engaging a conveyance for our luggage, we ourselves proceeded on foot, and soon came to Unterseen. This little town of an appearance altogether Swiss, is situated at nearly an equal distance between the lakes of Thun and Brienz; in a narrow valley, protected on the right by the Alendberg and the Morgenberg, to the left by the Battenberg, and in front by the perpendicular heights of the rocky Harder. The Aar runs through the valley, forming miniature cascades, and playing round little islands, as if enchanted to find itself in such an Arcadian

vicinity, after chafing among the rocky defiles in which it takes its source. Indeed this valley, about a league long, and as much in width, from its being surrounded with mountains that shelter it on the north and north-east, is reckoned fifteen days more forward than Berne, with respect to the influence of spring: its verdure is perfect; its magnificent walnut-trees, the finest in Switzerland, offer the most delightful shade; the houses, many bearing the date of 1530, are singularly picturesque in their construction and colour; and the view from the bridge across the Aar is a picture so complete in itself, with the snowy summits of the Jungfrau in the distance, that the painter finds in it nothing more to desire, except the power of transferring the magic of its effect to his canvas.

The two lakes are separated by an isthmus named Bodden, formerly itself covered with their waters, but now one of the most populous districts in the country. The approach to

Interlaken is very agreeable ; the natural and the social are pleasingly blended ; the eye and heart equally satisfied. Every thing seemed to breathe peace, plenty, and industry. We met a pretty German girl with her tressed locks, plaited white sleeves, and black velvet *gollar*, driving a cart of manure, as gracefully as Virgil's husbandman throws the same fructifying material about his fields. Little children, scarcely able to walk, had their paniers strapped to their shoulders, to accustom them early to habits of labour ; and women with infants at their breasts, had still their backs or heads loaded with heavy burdens. Indeed I should suppose the lower orders of Swiss are as industrious a race of people as are to be found in the world ; the women, when not otherwise employed, have the wheel, the distaff, or the knitting needles constantly in their hands ; but they also dig and mow the same as the men, and indeed altogether work still harder ; as is generally the case with the sex, where they work at all ; for they cannot

help putting their affections into every thing they do; and this is the grand secret of the fortitude which the lords and masters of the creation sometimes do them the justice to acknowledge they display on all trying occasions.

If it be true that the state of a people's linen is the test of its inward prosperity, certainly the generality of the Swiss, more especially in the German cantons, may be said to be well off. The women, *en manches*, always shew linen white and whole; and the men are equally attended to in this respect. Their stock of table linen is likewise abundant. They must indeed have as much pleasure as pride in this article, which is every way their own. They grow the flax on their own land, beat it at their own doors, spin and weave it with their own hands, bleach it on the grass, under their own eyes, and make it up at their own firesides. Among the sixteen *pensions* Interlaken afforded exclusive of the pretty houses scattered ~~as~~ being around, to catch such of the English fancy they prefer isolated residences as the

lucky enough to hit upon that kept by the brothers Hoffstetter; plain honest Germans, by no means so smart in their appearance as English ostlers, but civil and accommodating to the utmost; neglecting nothing that could tend to the comfort of their guests, and paying as much attention to those who came, like ourselves, in a humble *car*, as to those who had their elegant travelling carriages, couriers, servants, and everything else that affluence can give, or luxury desire. This comfortable hotel stands in a meadow like a nice English farmhouse; we had excellent bed-rooms, and the use of the drawing-room, with breakfast, dinner, exclusive of wine, which, however, with the moderate, is a mere trifle in addition, and that nondescript Swiss meal, *gouter*, answering to the old fashioned country tea-drinkings in England; with cakes, ham, fruit, honey, and innumerable other good things, blending together the characteristics of tea and supper: all this was for five francs *per diem* each; certainly a very French *franc*, when we consider the shortness of moderate sum,

of the season, which cannot be calculated at more than four months, and the distance from which many of the articles of consumption are obliged to be brought ; particularly wine, which is, moreover, subjected to a heavy duty. I believe the Swiss inmates were only charged three francs *per diem* " under the rose," and if the difference be in proportion to the general scale of income between the nations, I do not know that it can be made any serious ground of complaint; even setting aside that travellers *par excellence*, like the English, are universally regarded as " birds of passage, with gilded plumage, from which every one thinks he may pluck a feather, as they fly past." The most barefaced pluck of this kind that I have ever heard of was at Turin, where, as Mr. Brockedon relates, the English, at a *table d'hôte*, were openly charged eighty sous, for the same meal for which the rest of the company were charged only thirty-five; and on a remonstrance being made on the subject, they were civilly informed that it was no more difference than it was the

•

*custom* to make with respect to the English. The respective governments in Switzerland endeavoured, some time ago, to establish a sort of tariff, or fixed price for meals and apartments at the hotels; but it was not found practicable to make it at once sufficiently explicit, and sufficiently general; and in fact, such a measure would be more likely to destroy fair competition than to produce fair dealing, or give satisfaction to the difficult and distrustful.

We were so fortunate as to find remarkably agreeable society, chiefly family people; which gave a domestic tone to the whole house, extremely pleasing. We all met at meals, according to the general plan at Interlaken, as at Harrowgate, and other places of the same description, all the world over: some walked before breakfast to drink whey, some to sketch, some to get an appetite; which, however, seemed to come very naturally to all of us. As soon as this point was duly ascertained and satisfied, parties were formed to explore the thousand lions in the vicinity; the dinner bell, at three

•



o'clock, assembled together all within sound of its influential vibrations, and after dinner, little excursions on the lakes, or surrounding heights, filled up the time till the evening; when the young people generally found quite strength and spirits enough remaining, to dance for a couple of hours, regardless of the projected climbings attendant on the morrow.

The first place to which we directed our course was Grindelwald. It would be vain to describe the lovely scenes of true Swiss pastoral life this valley presents at every turn and winding, till we arrive at the village itself, shut in on all sides with the ever splendid Jungfrau, the Faulhorn, the Eigers, the Wetterhorn, the Mettenburg, the Vieschorn, and the Schreckhorn; their heads covered with perpetual snows, their sides glittering in robes of ice; glaciers, avalanches, torrents, and all the vast horrors of the grandest parts of Alpine scenery. After enjoying the view from the windows of the auberge we walked to the lower glacier, at the foot of which, from a vaulted cavern, rushes out

the torrent of the Lutschine-noire, fed by the perpetual melting of the ice, and sometimes overflowing the valley with the excess of its supplies.

Of this lower, or inferior glacier I have already spoken, sheltering myself under M. de Chateaubriand's similarity of opinion, as falling far short of the ideas I had previously formed of glacier grandeur. Nevertheless the coolness of its immediate atmosphere, opposing so curiously the effect of a July meridian sun, and the wild grandeur of the scene around, was something as strange as it was interesting.

At the end of the valley of Grindlewald a mountain path begins to wind from the foot of the Great Eiger, across the Wengern Alp, to the opposite valley of Lauterbrunnen. This route commands a magnificent view of the Jungfrau, and likewise intersects the remains of the ancient forest of the Eiger. This last consideration was peculiarly tempting to us, as it promised us the sight of perhaps the most venerable pines that are to be found in Switzerland. We accordingly

commenced the ascent, which being almost an uninterrupted acclivity, occupied our feet, unpractised in such laborious perpendicularities. for “seven hours, by this dial.”

The shadows of evening began to veil the giant features of the scene, and a gathering storm threatened to burst over our heads, ere we could reach a place of shelter for the night rough gales commenced blowing about our ears, from all points of the compass at once; as if, according to the Swiss proverb, “the two and thirty winds were going to hold a fair;” and the little kestrel hawk flew in the face of them, with its head raised and its body almost upright; sure sign of approaching bad weather. Glad enough, therefore, were we when we reached two *châlets* on the highest ridge of the pass; and most heartily did we knock at the lower and larger one, which we afterwards discovered formed the habitation, kitchen, cellar, and stable of the honest *gastgeber*, who soon making his appearance, with a lantern in his

hand, joyfully conducted us round a small piece of water, towards his newly constructed tenement, which ornamented with the sign of the chamois, was set apart for the reception of travellers ; and here were we installed in a few minutes, in a wooden apartment, eight feet by seven, rapidly imbibing caloric and comfort from the double influence of an iron stove and mine host's speedy supply of fried potatoes, curds, cheese, and in fact, all the delicacies afforded by an Alpine buttery. This *hotel*, the landlord, who was also the architect, informed us, he had erected, with his own hands, the preceding summer ; it happened that the influx of his guests was not such as to interrupt his habitual occupation of a goatherd, though he flattered himself so far with an increase of custom, when his reputation should be made known, as to be actually preparing for it, by adding a story, if we may so term the operation of digging one out of the side of the hill, to the original building ; which was meanwhile

propped up with a few poles, which we found was all the dependence we had for not coming to the ground.

Notwithstanding the chinks between the rough boarding of our *salle à manger*, we should have run some danger of suffocation from the excessive heat of the German stove, had not we frequently thrown the door and window open, to admit a more respirable atmosphere. To equalize our temperature, however, the bed rooms, small as they were, were so excessively cold that they reminded us of the practice of the Russians, to dart out of a vapour bath and roll themselves in the snow; and to strengthen the comparison to our imagination, we found the next morning, on looking abroad, that the ground was covered with a thick fall of snow, which had taken place in the night. This was an appalling sight to us, who had hoped to have sallied forth with the sun, palette and pencils in hand, and our countenances considerably elongated, as we drew them somewhat quickly within doors. This warring of the elements

which acted so unfavorably on our own spirits, seemed to have quite a contrary effect upon those of our host ; it appeared “ to suit the gloomy temper of his soul,” for he took the opportunity of communicating to us his intention of receiving *pensionnaires* the next summer, and invited us to form a part of the select society of eight persons, whom he calculated he should be able to receive, as soon as his *excavations* should be suitably arranged. We surveyed with him the narrow accommodations his *châlet*, or his *gasthof*, as he styled it could afford ; with him we computed, with most precise exactness, how small a share of house-room could, with any conscience, be allotted to each new comer desirous of partaking in the gaieties of the Wengern Alp.

“ Here,” said mine host, as in four steps he visited the four departments of his at present only existing *étage*, “ here, the *salle à manger* and four lodgers ; below, the offices, and four more : he paused, cast a wistful, calculating glance towards a kind of loft, where he had

lately mounted by the help of a short ladder, to search for some eggs—no—it was but a passing thought—Eight persons then, *bien logés, bien nourris*, and plenty of amusement. “In the summer,” said he, “*il fait bien joli ici. On boit du lait de chèvre, on se promène, il y a un très beau glacier, à une heure d’ici, où on peut marcher comme sur une table.*” He could show us it, he added, if we would like the walk: we shivered at the idea—we should as soon have thought of taking a saunter on the ice-bergs, in Baffin’s Bay: and our host seeing that he had jarred our nerves, by the proposition, *eclipsed himself* as the French idiom expresses it, for a moment, but speedily re-appeared from his *châlet-cuisine* with store of coffee, and a second edition of fried potatoes, over which we held a council of war, and somewhat comforted within, by our breakfast, began to hope that things might not be so bad without, as at the first glance they had appeared. My husband found out that the aged pines would look all the grander, in the desolation of the scenery; and I could not

gainsay the idea ; for I remembered that Du Bartas, meaning to be sublime, has much the same sort of notion, when he speaks of winter beginning

“ To perriwig with snow the bald-pate woods.”

We therefore set off, armed with umbrellas and wooden shoes, and my husband was fortunate enough, between the intervals of rain and sleet, to secure on paper three or four samples of the “ venerable vegetables,” with which this Alpine region eminently abounds. In the midst of his solitary occupation, as he was seated among some loose stones, on the side of a steep acclivity, a *lammergeyer*, circling in the air in search of some young chamois or stray kid, came so near to him in his majestic flight, that he could easily have hit him with a stone, had he been prepared for his visit, and inclined to receive it so uncourteously ; as he rose up, however, the *lammergeyer* magnificently soared away, and turning towards the Jungfrau was speedily out of sight.

The pines on these heights, are the *pinus*



*umbra* of Linnæus; the forest originally thick and extensive is now greatly diminished, and becomes every year more and more open and straggling. The trees that remain are of great antiquity; the trunks of many of them are thrown about by the violence of the storms in every possible direction. The age of some of these trees is supposed to be above a thousand years; their growth is extremely slow in these regions, where they flourish at an elevation of two hundred feet higher than the firs will do. The very slightest layer of soil is sufficient to support them, stretching, as they do, their vigorous roots around the naked rock, and spreading them far and wide, in search of the smallest additional source of nutriment. Their trunks, large and massive near the ground, rapidly diminish towards the top; a tree of four feet diameter at the bottom rarely being of a greater height than 50 or 60 feet, whilst a fir of much slenderer dimensions acquires a far superior height. There are indeed firs on record of 160 feet in height, and 24 in circum-

ference. The conical and obtuse shape of the pine is admirably adapted to resist the attacks of storms and tempests, and it is generally found to grow perfectly upright in situations, where other species are bent, or prostrate: nevertheless, in extreme old age it becomes less capable of resisting the fury of the elements, as is sufficiently evident in many of these aged monarchs of the forest now

“ Taking the measure of an unmade grave.”

The shortness of the season of vegetation in these elevated regions renders the growth of the pine extremely slow.

Mr. Zschokke, the celebrated Swiss writer, cut down a young tree of this species, growing in the best soil on the Wergisthal Alp, it was only six feet and a half in height, and its greatest thickness at the ground did not exceed a diameter of two inches; nevertheless in spite of this apparent youth, it had already attained the age of seventy years, as at least sixty-four circles could be distinctly reckoned in it. Another pine, situated at the foot of Thunerts-

chuggen, in full vigour, though not very remarkable for size, was cut down for the purpose of building a *châlet*; it was one foot seven inches in diameter, and evinced, by the number of its interior circles, an antiquity of three hundred and fifty three years, besides those of its more early growth, the circles of which were not very distinctly marked.

This youthful tree, of three centuries and a half, which had to bow beneath the axe, in the very flower of its age, might have added double the number of years to its existence, had it been left to the operations of nature alone. Mr. Zschokke says he has seen many which, in their ample growth, their storm-rent trunks, and their majestic ruins, still green with leafy honours, indicated an existence of above a thousand years.

The afternoon still proved wet and unfavorable, and we were obliged to remain entrenched within our wooden walls, moralising on the hard and solitary life of the mountain shep-

herds; my thoughts meanwhile strayed back to the ancient pines, and I found myself thus involuntarily apostrophising them—

Ye dark and rifted pines, e'en in decay  
Majestic still! how many an age hath passed,  
How many a human race, since the rough blast  
First bore you from your parent stems away,  
When cradled in your cones ye folded lay,  
And on these heights the infant-forest cast!  
Grasping the scanty soil, ye grew at last  
Its safe-guard, and defied the tyrant sway  
Of warring elements—yes, ye have stood  
Against the lightning flash, the torrent flood,  
Year after year, 'mid sights and sounds sublime:  
But now ye stretch your bald arms to the sky,  
Or, like the conquered Titans, prostrate lie,  
Scathed by the chartered adversary TIME.

---

Towards sunset, or rather when the sun was about to descend behind the mountains, a solitary gleam burst forth, and struggling through the mist, shone directly down into the valley of Grindelwald; illuminating with a sort of fairy light the distant glacier, over which a rainbow was also beautifully apparent: the effect was as transient as it was beautiful.

A couple of travellers, with guides and

horses, had meanwhile gained the shelter of our roof, to snatch a hasty repast, on their way to Lauterbrunnen; the elder of the two, a stalwart personage in a blouze, and with his neck bare, we had seen sketching the evening before. We found he was a German artist; he talked much of the beauty of the mosses and the minuter vegetation of the Alps; and we listened to him with more pleasure, as the less obtrusive wonders of creation, however exquisite, are apt to be overlooked, amidst the more astounding features of her grandeur and sublimity. His companion seriously asked us if we thought our host could give him a good dinner, if he staid; as he did not much like the idea of going farther that evening. We did not appear to hold out sufficient encouragement on this head; for shortly after he set forth, late as it was, to try the better furnished larder of Lauterbrunnen.

Our host now came in with our humble fare; as he was placing it on the table I casu-

ally enquired of him whether it still rained; he replied he did not know, for he had not paid attention to it; nevertheless the sleeve of his frieze coat was very plentifully bedewed with moisture; and on my remarking this to him, he only replied that if it had rained hard, he certainly should have observed it. Towards night the cold greatly increased, the rain changed into snow, the wind raged furiously, and we remarked that our host, on entering the *hostel* to enquire whether we wanted anything further, and to lock us up till the morning, betrayed marks of uneasiness and anxiety. He had, he said, some young beasts higher up upon the Faulhorn, and he feared they might greatly suffer, or even perish, if the night should prove a inclement as it threatened: '*mais!*'" he added, with a shrug which spoke of faith and fear alike, '*le bon Dieu ne nous oubliera pas.*'"

The morning came; not "kerchiefed in a comely cloud," but with wind, snow, hail, mist, and frost, all meeting together in emulous confusion. To stay longer was impossible; bad

as the passage to Lauterbrunnen might be, the wooden box and the German stove were still worse: our ears were indeed occasionally greeted with the roar of an avalanche, and once we had the gratification of beholding one: a rolling like thunder induced us to look towards the spot from whence the sound proceeded, and we distinctly saw, softly descending from a ridge of the Jung-frau, a torrent or rather a cascade of snow. It was, although certainly beautiful, by no means so imposing a sight as I had expected; and it appeared astonishing how a body, apparently, of such small dimensions, and falling without any visible impetuosity, could produce so grand a sound. Occasionally, however, a much more magnificent display takes place in the detachment of some enormous mass, which, with a roar more deep than the loudest explosions of thunder, appears, to the distant spectator, slowly to descend, rather than fall, from its lofty seat: broken on the pointed rocks, clouds and whirlwinds of snow accompany the falling masses, which they

veil, but do not conceal; as these reach the valley, successive explosions, like the loudest artillery, re-echoed from the rocks, terminate the august spectacle, and silence once more reigns in the majestic solitude.

It would have given us great pleasure to have staid longer in these lofty regions, in order to perpetuate more effectually some of the most striking of their wild beauties; but the weather was too decidedly bad to keep us in that most disagreeable of all states, uncertainty: we endeavoured, therefore, to console ourselves, in our slippery descent, by reflecting that, after all, much of what is sublimely grand in nature must ever be impracticable in art. How is it possible, for instance, to give an adequate idea of a point of view, whence a hundred leagues of Alpine summit are to be seen at once; as is the case at Dole, on the Jura, with Mont Blanc, rearing its awful form in the centre of this august back ground. Hence it is that views in Switzerland seldom satisfy the imagination and the judgment alike.



The Swiss landscape painters are generally harsh in their colouring, and hard and dry in their touch. The coloured prints are uniformly detestable, and are aptly enough compared by Count Theodore Walsh, to an *omelette à l'oseille, mal battue*. He also remarks that it is singular enough none of the finest landscape-painters, either ancient or modern, have drawn their subjects from the scenery of the Alps. The Swiss artists themselves, the three most distinguished of whom, Ducroz, Keyserman, and Muliner were all of the Pays de Vaud, preferred seeking their inspirations in Italy. It is true that one very cogent reason for this, is to be found in the total dearth of encouragement they experienced in their own country; but another is that in fact the country itself, however *taking*, is not easily *takeable*. The colossal forms and vivid colours continually before the eyes, lose their grandeur and their brilliancy when transferred to canvas; and the peculiar effects in nature that give, perpetually, varying beauty to the country itself, are precisely those which, if

an artist attempts to represent them, appear no longer natural, because their charm and wonder is in the shortness of their duration, and the rapidity of their opposition. Everything blends harmoniously in nature, and contrasts that could not be endured on canvas, betray nothing of harshness under her reconciling atmosphere. "If," said a Swiss painter, speaking of the peculiarities of his country, "an artist, in representing any of the celebrated points of view which the vicinity of the Alps abound with, should attempt to give to every object its lineal forms and proportions in all their exactitude, the gigantic dimensions of the mountains would take up all the picture; the foreground and the details connected with it would be reduced to nothing, or, at least, would be reduced to a very disproportionate minuteness. Besides, whilst the objects on a level with the eye are seen through the misty atmosphere that generally veils the lower part of the horizon, and sends back the distance, the tops of the mountains, seen in an atmosphere of perfect transparency,

come against the sky in so clear and cutting a manner, that they appear nearer than they really are. The dazzling whiteness of the snows that cover these lofty summits is, moreover, so totally different from the neutral and softened tints to which we are accustomed, that there again the perspective is in fault; and what makes it still worse is, that this snow is often furrowed with hard black lines of naked rock; a circumstance which produces the certain effect of bringing the distance too forward in the picture." Nevertheless fine subjects for the pencil may undoubtedly be obtained, by a judicious selection, among the treasures that nature here presents. The shores of the lakes always afford delightful scenes; particularly where some ancient castle is reflected in their waters, and the snowy summits of the distant Alps offer as singular a contrast as that of summer and winter in harmonious accord; a coronet of snow on the fervid brow of summer; reversing the beautiful idea of Shakespeare—

“ On winter’s brow an od’rous chaplet of sweet flowers  
Is, as in mockery, set.”

Detached portions of the mountain roads also, and the characteristic features of the villages which so often present themselves in the grandest and most romantic situations, continually call forth admiration; it is only by aiming at too much that the otherwise practicable becomes a failure. Nevertheless, in painting from nature, even under every disadvantage, there is always a *truth* of variety, which never can be hoped for from recollection, or imagination; there is a *certainty* of being right, which, in the confidence it gives, is invaluable; whilst in pictures, painted in any other manner than from studies drawn and coloured on the spot, there is invariably a sameness of tint or a harshness of transition; all the blending of hues into each other, all the accidental lights by which it may be endeavoured to relieve them, are either wanting, or seem artificially introduced. It is this neglect of colouring from nature that is the great fault of the French landscape-painters;

they copy at the Louvre till they seem to forget the scenes they transfer, from old to new canvas, had an actual out-of door existence, when their charms first attracted the eyes of the master by whom they have been handed down to the admiration of succeeding generations. The very air of the place seems to be infectious in this respect; my husband meeting one day, on the shores of the lake, an English amateur, whom he had often seen at the Louvre, showed him some of his sketches; the amateur praised them highly, and summed up his compliments with what he meant to be the greatest of them all, "It is easy to see you have studied the old masters;" never was eulogium more misapplied.

The sight of the illuminated windows of the *frères Hoffstetter* was very cheering to us as we drew near our journey's end. All the world within doors was dancing. Music, lights, warmth, refreshment! what a contrast to the rugged scenes we had just left, and the privations of those who people them!

pounds per annum, English money. They are fond of the cattle, without paying much attention to their comfort. They take no care to protect them from the noontide heats or storms, having no building of any kind to shelter them under, and they suffer them to graze about, straggling as they will, when, by a little attention they might make the grass support nearly double the number. They attract the cows, at milking time, with salt, of which they give them great quantities; and they ease the labour of milking them, by sitting, during the operation, on little low stools, which they carry for that purpose, ready strapped round the latter end of their persons, producing an effect more characteristic than poetical. The cheeses on the higher Alps are finer flavoured than those on the lower, on account of the aromatic herbs more abundantly produced there, and which supply the place of salt in the preservation of the cheese. The larger the cheeses are, the better is the quality. We saw a fine athletic man, in the Gessenai, who had descended the

steep mountain paths, in a hot sun, with one of a hundred and eighty pounds weight, on his shoulders. He walked on before us at a steady pace, with his Alpine stock in his hand ; and it was only when he was close to the town that he condescended to sit down, to “ unfatigue himself ” awhile, and wipe his brow, that he might enter the haunts of men with becoming composure.

The cows give, on an average, from about sixteen to twenty pints, wine measure, of milk daily ; the profit of each cow, we were told, is from seventy to eighty French francs per year. This appeared to me very little, particularly as nearly one half of the sum is made in the three summer months. In the winter they work in carts and sledges, without injury ; nevertheless it always appeared to me an uncomfortable sight to see the poor cow toiling in harness, or waiting at the door of a *Pinte*, for her wine-bibbing master, whilst she was bellowing for her calf.

France alone receives three million pounds of cheese from Switzerland ; and when the

exports into Italy and other places, and the home consumption also, are taken into consideration, we may form some idea of the generally pastoral character of the whole country; and may easily imagine that every step which leads the inhabitants away from the life, that nature has so strongly marked out for them, in every feature of the soil on which they are born, must lead them away from their surest sources of competency, comfort, and independence.

---

The weather continuing uncertain we confined our excursions for a few days to the immediate vicinity of Interlaken and the lac de Brienz. It is scarcely possible to find a greater assemblage of natural and varied beauties than these environs afford; mountains, glaciers, rocks, waterfalls, everything that makes Switzerland wonderful and interesting are within reach. The views are superb, the country at



once fertile, and unspoiled by art. The walnut trees at Interlaken are the finest in Switzerland; they are often twenty feet in circumference, clustering in full vigour round the dilapidated walls of the once opulent Abbey, which, from the repeated irregularities of its inmates, both nuns and monks subsisting under the same roof, was obliged finally to be suppressed. The lac de Brientz a few minutes walk from this spot, is of a more severe character than that of Thun: its waters are dark and deep; to the north and south it is bordered with high walls of rock, the shores to the south are steep and gradually rise to the Faulhorn and Schwartzhorn mountains; affording fine pasturage for cattle, but no residences for human beings, except those concerned in the tending of them. The northern side is enriched with villages of wooden houses of deep brown hue, with their galleries, and flowers, and whole forests of cherry trees around them. The pretty costume of the *Batelières* gives an air of gaiety to the scene, as they adroitly manage their light boats,

and cheer the passage with their songs. These same sirens, when they are relieved from the labours of the oar, take up the profession of songstresses on shore, and sing the popular airs of their canton, in voices loud enough to make Charybdis weep; whether Sylla would have

“ Chid her barking waves into attention,”

to listen to them, is another question. Nevertheless there is something not unpleasing in their shrill and untaught melodies.

On this lake, Mr. Monnard, the President of the Grand Council of Lausanne, informs us he saw, “ with his own eyes,” as he emphatically assures his readers, a respectable, silver-haired, English gentleman gravely embarking himself in the same boat with a cow, which he was thus making his travelling companion, for the pleasure of having her milked, when arrived exactly opposite the Giesbach, into a bowl, with which he had provided himself for the occasion,

half full of champagne, judiciously flavoured with cinnamon: the compound, when duly prepared, to be quaffed off by himself, on the spot; in order, I presume, that he might recollect the sublimity of the cataract by the excellence of the *Silly-bub*. It is by such eccentricities as these that the English impress themselves on the memories of foreigners: in this instance, however, I could have wished that the fact had come under observation less acute than that of Mr. Monnard.

The Giesbach is by many persons thought the most beautiful cascade in Switzerland, taking it in a picturesque point of view. It forms a succession of falls, from high shelving rocks, surrounded by noble firs and ash trees, the foliage of which is kept of an emerald green by the constant dashing of the feathering spray over them. It is a very little way from the shores of the lake, which here exhibit, in abundance, the Alpine rose, the *rhododendron ferruginum*, which is in general rarely seen but at

a certain elevation. The lake also abounds with fine trout, from six to twenty pounds in weight; and with a small fish, called by the people Brientzling, which is so plentiful, that at times a thousand or twelve hundred have been taken at a single cast of the net. A few years ago two of the villages on its banks were destroyed by one of those torrents of mud from the mountains, which is one of the greatest scourges of the Alpine districts.

The inhabitants of Interlaken appear further removed from poverty than in many other places of more apparent resources. Of late years, the sum spent in the place by strangers, during the season, has amounted, at least, to forty or fifty thousand pounds, annually; an amazing addition to the floating capital of a country wherein from ten to twenty thousand francs constitutes an independent fortune.

Property is divided equally among the children here, as throughout the rest of Switzerland; and so exactly that a single

tree sometimes belongs to sixty families. Count de H., the proprietor of a fine chateau on the banks of the lac de Brienz, received *twenty walnuts*, one year for his share of a magnificent tree, growing on the shore near his residence; and it is no uncommon sight, in Oberland, to see, in the summer, sixty or seventy boat loads of families, coming across the lakes, to divide the produce of property which they hold in common. This division extends to the minutest articles, and an instance occurred, not long ago, of a carriage being sawn in four parts, and a wheel, with its respective appurtenances of timber and tackling, being assigned to each of four brothers, not one of whom would give up his claim, or accept of any compensation in its place. Should arrangements of a similar nature ever be made absolute in England, and who knows what the rage for reform may accomplish, what a harvest will they afford for the lawyers! Here, however, the people are wiser than to go to law if they can possibly help it, and generally settle disputes

among themselves. In some of the cantons, in Glacis, for instance, the citizens pledge themselves, by a solemn oath, to seek on all occasions, to reconcile parties who are on terms of enmity with each other, and to make up all such misunderstandings and disputes as might otherwise be determined by "sundry blows and knocks," or by the more tedious process of legal investigation. Such a practical commentary on the beatitude promised to the peacemakers is well worthy of imitation. Nevertheless both law and physic are cheap enough in this country for the litigious and fanciful to indulge in them to their hearts' content. The lawyers are paid by a tariff, which regulates their claims at the rate of ten shillings English, when they open their mouths in court, and the customary fees of the physician vary from eight to fifteen batzen, that is from one to two shillings, per visit.

---

As soon as the weather became sufficiently promising, we were desirous of visiting the Wengern Alp once more, in order to have an opportunity of contemplating the magnificent scenery commanded from its summit, under more favorable circumstances. By way of giving variety to our route, we resolved to attack it, this second time, on the side of Lauterbrunnen. We accordingly proceeded from Interlaken, under the shade of the magnificent walnut trees, to the foot of the Riggén, a little beyond which, on an eminence at the entrance of the valley leading to Lauterbrunnen, are the ruins of the *Château d'Unspunnen*, the seigneurs of which formerly extended their domination over the valleys of Interlaken, Lauterbrunnen, and Grindelwald. A romantic story is told of Burkhard, the last lord of this ancient tower. His daughter Ida, his only child, was beloved by Walther de Wädischyl, vassal and companion of Berchtold. Burkhard being on terms of enmity with Berchtold, refused to listen to the suit of one who was at once his dependant and

friend. Walther carried away the fair heiress, and a scene of warfare ensued, between the houses of Burkhard and Berchtold, in consequence, which endured for many years. At length time abated something of Burkhard's impetuosity, though it did not mollify his resentment. It gave it, however, a more affecting form; for, shutting himself up in his lonely tower, he abandoned himself to melancholy and regret for the loss of his child, whom, nevertheless, he was too proud to pardon. One day his solitude was interrupted by two pilgrims, accompanied by a little boy who craved his hospitality. He received them with kindness, and in the course of the evening related to them the cause of his dejection. The strangers looked at each other, in an instant they threw aside their pilgrim's garb, and the old Baron beheld Duke Berchtold and Walther de Wädischwyl, who threw himself at the feet of his father-in-law. The Duke then brought forward the child, whose likeness to his mother sufficiently pleaded in his behalf—the dénonement of course was most



happy ; the long banished heiress returned to her paternal vales. Love and cheerfulness succeeded to hatred and misanthropy, and the château and its rich appurtenances finally passed into the family of Wädischwyl. To this race of chevaliers succeeded an imperial bailiff, who issued from it the laws to the people of Hasli : of all its former greatness only a semi-circular tower, supported by another square and higher one, remains ; in the crevices of the walls lofty pines daily extend their roots, and lengthen their shadows over the ruins, amidst which they seem proudly to exult in their own vigour.

In 1805 and 1808 pastoral *fêtes* were celebrated on this spot, on the seventeenth of August ; a day consecrated to the memory of Berthold 5th, the founder of Berne. The eye was charmed with the sight of the young people from the different cantons, in the ancient and picturesque costume peculiar to each ; the ear delighted with the mountain echoes of the patri-

otic songs which celebrated the fifth century of the freedom of a brave people: arms and banners gleamed in the sun; athlectic games and national dances were performed amidst six thousand spectators seated on the slopes and eminences around, and silver-haired age looked on with a complacency of recollection that increased and sanctified the enjoyment. Madame de Staël was present at the last of these meetings, and has described it in her "Germany" with her wonted eloquence. What a different race of visitors now lounged about its walls! Albums in one hand, opera glasses in the other: Great and grand indeed must be the objects that can contrive to inspire enthusiasm, when once fashion gives the signal to idleness and luxury, for their inspection.

Leaving Unspunnen to its fallen fortunes we proceeded to Wildersvyl, a village shaded by forest trees, and refreshed by fountains, but disfigured by the goitrous appearance of the inhabitants. Beyond this village, between the

bases of the Inlisberg, and the Abendberg, opens the deep valley of Saxeten. On every side the view is bounded by enormous ramparts, surmounted by the glaciers above which the Jung-frau rises in all the virgin majesty of her resplendent brightness. The torrent of the Sulisbach, rushing under a bridge of pines, throws itself into the Lutschine, which was dashing its waters round the masses of rock that have fallen, from time to time, from the summits above. Often these masses tear up the trees in their way, and either leave them hanging by their bare roots, with their heads reversed, or precipitate them across the stream, to form natural bridges, of the wildest and most appropriate character. This valley may be considered as the vestibule to the two valleys of Lauterbrunnen and Grindlewald, as its name of Zweylutschinen, that, or the two Lutschines sufficiently denotes.

Following the course of the Lutschine noir, towards the south, we arrived at the village of

Zweylutshinen, a little beyond which, at the turning of a rock, at one of the most lovely points of the valley, close by the roaring torrent, we found an inscription stating that on this spot the Baron de Rothenfluh was murdered, by his younger brother, for the sake of his heritage—fit place for such a deed! How in an instant does the imagination embody it into a picture worthy of the pen that for thirty years, (how soon shall we say “Tis sixty years since,”) delighted England and the world with its historic fictions! The rock jutting forth to hide the premeditated assassin, the bridge over which his destined victim must of necessity pass, the angry chafing torrent ready to receive his body, all contribute to efface the lapse of centuries, and make the deed seem but as of yesterday. “Forced to fly,” the inscription states “the murderer terminated his days in exile and despair, and was the last of his race, formerly so rich and so powerful.” Tradition says that not daring to ask any one for

a morsel of bread, for fear of making himself known, he died of hunger in the surrounding mountains.

At Zweylutshinen the stream, suddenly checked in its progress by a stupendous rock, abruptly divides on one side, towards Grindelwald, on the other towards Lauterbrunnen.

There is something wonderfully solemn and beautiful in the valley of Lauterbrunnen; it seems as if formed by the rending in twain of the mountains on each side; the aspects of them vary at every turn. The immense mass called the Hunnenflue, or rock of the Huns, towers above, like some giant fortress; its terraces chiselled by the hand of nature, and supporting apparent walls and bastions, which recall to the imagination the time when this wild region was over run by the warlike barbarians of the north, in their search after a more smiling sky, and a more fertile soil than their own.

A little further on, the Sausbach precipitates itself from the heights above into the Luts-

chine ; which here gradually contracting into a narrow gorge, is shut in between walls of calcareous rock, from a thousand to twelve hundred feet in height. This solemn sterile scene is changed in a few minutes, as by enchantment, for the beautiful verdant village of Lauterbrunnen, with its newly erected church in the bottom of the valley, and the Staubach falling, like a lovely dream of fairy drapery, from a height of nine hundred feet ; fertilizing the valley with its waters as with a perpetual dew. Nevertheless, I must confess, I should never have recognised in its aerial vapours and noiseless descent, the magnificent picture drawn of it by certain travellers, who seem to think their own consequence increased in proportion as they can dress out the objects that come before their eyes, in all the turgidity of inflated description. When we read of it as of " rivers gushing from the clouds, flowing in the air, and resolving themselves into clouds again," as Haller describes it ; or, as another German

poet expresses himself, concerning it, of "waves which rush down with the roar of thunder, threatening to swallow up the whole country," not to speak of exaggerations equally absurd from English pens, would not any one imagine that he is about to be astonished by some object little inferior to the falls of the Niagara, instead of one which reminded me much more, in its silvery texture and slight prismatic reflections, of the *jet d'eau* at the end of the Tuileries.

What a happiness it must have been to travel before guide-books were invented! how little reasonable it is to expect the modesty of truth, when exaggeration forms all the interest of the writer, if not of the reader. Raoul Rochette, speaking of this very object, thus expresses himself, with a simplicity the more admirable as it is rarely found in his countrymen.

"The Staubach appears to me nevertheless a cascade unique of its kind, and singularly

agreeable ; every thing which nature has to do with it, the distances, the accessories, the frame of the picture, all is beautiful. The misfortune is, that poets will sing, artists will paint, and travellers will lie, and the means they have had recourse to, in the present instance, to enlarge upon the reality, have only degraded and deformed, by the very efforts they have made to exaggerate and embellish."

Lauterbrunnen takes its name, which signifies many fountains, from the number of cascades with which it is at once beautified and refreshed. Ten may be counted from one spot, near the house of the minister, and a much greater number present themselves in succession, in proceeding along the valley.

The situation of the village, amidst some of the grandest and wildest mountain excursions in Switzerland, and its comparatively short distance from the glaciers, render it by no means improbable that from being a few years ago almost unknown, with only the minister's



“modest mansion” to afford rest and refreshment to the adventurous traveller, it may, in a little time, rival Interlaken, in its boarding-houses and accommodations.

At present it has one single very handsome *auberge*, which enjoys the reputation of being the most expensive in Switzerland. So much for monopoly : some, however, may think with Raoul Rochette, all the Parisian refinements of the bill of fare, and even the *belles manières* of the *garçon* from the Chaussée d’Antin, a very undesirable exchange for the hospitable roof of the pastor, or the frugal board of the mountaineer ; and perhaps the dissatisfaction which this traveller expresses on this head had some influence on his succeeding remarks, upon the companions he found at the *table d’hôte*. “The second evening that I supped at the auberge of Lauterbrunnen, “ says he, “ twenty-four travellers from divers parts of Switzerland were assembled round the table. Among all these strangers, eighteen of whom were English, I

was the only one of my nation. It is almost always in the same proportion that the French and English travel; but if I may judge by the individuals I have met, I doubt whether those who run about the world the most, are the people who the most profit by it. It is often very amusing to see the English in a poor and savage country like this, making every where a display of the opulence and luxury of their own; crossing the mountains, dressed out as if they were going to a fête, in large caravans, of men and servants, women and horses, displaying their studied toilette in the face of all the magnificence of nature, and sporting their finery on the glaciers. These poor people who come from such a distance, and at such an expense, to admire nature, think very little more of it, as they reconnoitre it through their glasses, than of the scenery of an opera. In fact, they scatter, alike, their guineas and their absurdities on the road; and I must do the Swiss the justice to say, they take good care to pick up all that the English throw away."

On this head, however, Count Theodore Walsh is more just, or at any rate more charitable. "I cannot," says he, "see the English travelling in Switzerland, without feeling a sentiment of gratitude towards them; 'but, some will say, 'they are an unsociable, selfish race.' Granted. 'They often carry empty heads under an important gravity of countenance.' I agree with you. 'They make a studied-display of consequence, and fashion, that you never find in people really well bred.' Very true: but you must not forget that it is owing to this finical particularity of the English travellers that we find every where good hotels: they prepare them for us. If we are sure of good beds, and well-served tables in these retired valleys, if the waiters are ready and attentive, we owe it all to the susceptibility of these islanders, on the article of *comforts*. They will not allow of any excuse in the landlord, for the most trifling negligence; and can retain an implacable enmity against him,

DOMESTIC RESIDENCE

of a doubtful

calculations b

scribes consc

es, on his ar

or censure wh

ve deserved;

generally bar

a salutary sta

the right way

ations very good

arges very mod

to have not be

or travelling is

y than in any

ly being travel

the year."

sideration certa

ght of, in a

ers are dearly pu

winters, and th

gs. The houses

ed at these sea

egg, or a bill

a franc.

veniently, i

ival at an in

ich his last re

and the land

gains in adv

of terror, w

that is as f

are concern

'rate,' the res

altogether

more expens

other, owing,

in, three

led

ought nev

district, whe

urchased by ti

tempestuous

are dismall

sons, and the

owners and car-  
very little  
tual acqui-  
indeed, al-  
nected with  
lers on  
contrast  
amid  
and dirt

A hand  
ambush for  
place  
been  
who  
the occasion  
who  
with any  
that  
period  
Leaving  
part  
e-

Mettenberg, the  
en veiled in clouds,  
with their heads  
extent, magnitude,

d of beginning to  
l themselves upon  
he exceeding insig-  
with the immensity  
ns form no part of  
e magnificent the  
grounded, the more  
become respecting  
ated. "The world  
for God," says St.  
who is made after  
th a soul capable of  
in His infinite atri-  
our and importance  
compared to which  
r gigantic scale it  
nk into nothingness.

on the subject of a doubtful egg, or a bill which exceeds their calculations by a *franc*. Every Englishman inscribes conscientiously, in the Book of Entries, on his arrival at an inn, the commendation or censure which his last resting place may have deserved; and the landlords with whom he generally bargains in advance, are thus held in a salutary state of terror, which keeps them in the right way; that is as far as the '*accommodations very good*,' are concerned; as to the '*charges very moderate*,' the results obtained hitherto have not been altogether so satisfactory; for travelling is more expensive in this country than in any other, owing, no doubt, to its only being travelled in, three or four months in the year."

This last consideration certainly ought never to be lost sight of, in a district, where the short summers are dearly purchased by the long inclement winters, and the tempestuous, uncertain springs. The houses are dismally cold and wretched at these seasons, and the

owners and cattle herd together in them, one very little above the other, in point of intellectual acquirement: the appearance of the people indeed, always excepting the jolly race connected with the auberge, and with the travellers on whom they fatten, formed a painful contrast in my eyes to the beautiful scenes amid which they vegetate, in idleness, poverty and dirt.

A band of songstresses generally lie in ambush for the passers-by, who go to contemplate the "rivulet of dust, as the Staubach has been very unpoetically designated, by some one who thought to be at once poetical and novel on the occasion; but the voices and faces of those who attacked us were so completely at variance with any ideas of the harmonious or beautiful that all the enchantment of the scene was dispersed, the moment we were way laid by them. Leaving Lauterbrunnen by a road which leads from a path near the church, up the Tschuken, we were rewarded for a steep and rough ascent

of nearly an hour and half, by fresh grandeurs at every step, until we reached once more the summit of the Wengern Alp, whence we beheld in full perfection that—

Resplendent and impenetrable throne  
On which the maiden Queen majestic sits  
Serene---a diamond circlet crowns her brow,  
And her white bosom glitters in the beams  
Cast by the ardent sun, in fiery gaze,  
On the fair breast they deck, but cannot melt.

So says Schiller—at least he says something like it, which is as much as can be pronounced of translations in general; for take the finest thought that ever was conceived or brought forth in mortal mind, and turn it topsy-turvy, and inside out, and look at it through a crooked prism, or a smoked glass, and who would know it again? not its own father! and Schiller's thoughts to be treated thus! and thoughts on the Jung-frau too!

The scene was, however, glorious beyond description; the Maiden Queen did indeed rise in infinite majesty above her surrounding



subjects the Eigers, the Mettenberg, the Schreckenhorn, the Wetterhorn veiled in clouds, and the Vieschenhoener with their heads crowned with snow ! all was extent, magnitude, and sublimity.

Many people are very fond of beginning to moralize, as soon as they find themselves upon the top of a mountain, on the exceeding insignificance of man, compared with the immensity of nature. Such speculations form no part of my philosophy. The more magnificent the objects with which I am surrounded, the more ennobled do my conceptions become respecting him for whom they were created. "The world was made for man, and man for God," says St. Chrysostom : and surely he who is made after the image of his Creator, with a soul capable of a finite union with Him in His infinite attributes, must be of a grandeur and importance in his nature and destiny, compared to which mere matter, on whatsoever gigantic scale it may be exhibited, must sink into nothingness.

Indeed, if we divest, in idea, the material world of Man, or, allowing him to remain its Lord, we still divest him of his immortality, what would the universe itself appear but an elaborate toy, an exquisite and perfect piece of mechanism, put together merely for the amusement of its Creator; a surpassing proof of his infinite power, but none of his wisdom or of his love. The endless production, destruction, and reproduction of sensate or insensate matter, could excite but little interest in the mind of the contemplatist, if abstracted from the sublime association with it, of intellectual being; that most stupendous of wonders, compared to which all the laws of nature are simple in their theory, and easy of comprehension. Still more cheerless would be the void, if man, gifted as he is, with the power of reflection, had only the narrow circle of this life's cares to exercise it upon. Of all animals he would be the most miserable, the most unjustly, or rather the only one unjustly treated; all others

are born in the climate most favorable to their habits, and necessities ; they have only to look around them and follow their instincts, in other words, their inclinations, and they are certain to secure themselves a subsistence and to be as happy as their nature will admit ; but man, from his cradle to his grave, is engaged in cares, turmoils, and disappointments. He lives in anxiety, and he dies in fear. Nothing is positive in his existence, sin and sorrow excepted. But by the mercy of his Maker, a remedy is provided for both ; and when not only the gigantic Alps shall have resolved themselves to plains, and plains may be thrown up by volcanic fury into mountains, he will be safe in the perpetual enjoyment of unalterable felicity ; susceptible of no change but that which is attendant upon going from one gradation of excellence to another, throughout eternity ! Thoughts like these made me find additional sublimity and glories in the scene spread out before my eyes, by the hand of Omnipotence.

The azure skies above seemed to deepen their blue, the air to give out a purer ether, the mountain summits to shine forth with more dazzling brilliance; as on the day when all the stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy.

But *to descend*—the gathering clouds informed us that we had no time to lose if we meant to avoid the probability of being again boxed up for an indefinite period with our host of the Chamois. We staid, however, long enough to complete the sketches, which had been cut short by the storms attendant upon our preceding visit, and whilst taking them we could not but admire the fearless confidence with which the cattle came around us, as if to welcome us to the summits they seemed so much to enjoy.

Three hundred and seventy or eighty cows are kept on the Wengern Alp, during the summer; the number belonging to each individual being limited, as in the other Alpine pas-

turages, to the same that he can provide with provender at home in the winter.

We pursued our steep and slippery descent towards Lauterbrunnen, without accident; and thence, leaving behind us winter, personified in the snow-capped Eigers, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Glaciers, we proceeded, with summer before us, through every variety of pastoral beauty, till we arrived once more at our comfortable quarters.

The number of pedestrian travellers we met with on our route might have astonished us, had we not already seen how much every road and every accessible path throughout Switzerland is traversed at this season of the year. The Swiss themselves make a point, if possible, of exploring a large part of their country, once in their life-time. The young students make scientific excursions every year; generally under the care of a preceptor; and if too poor to pay their own expenses, they receive assistance from different universities to whose students it

is repaid in the same manner. One of these universities is known by the name of the Soup Chaldron because every student receives from it a basin of soup, and two pounds of bread, per diem. Mechanics and artisans likewise, when the period of their apprenticeship is over, take a year's travelling, before they finally set up for themselves; and, more fortunate than others, in having always the means of subsistence at their command, they generally defray their own expences, by stopping at large towns, to work at their respective trades, long enough to supply themselves with the means of proceeding on their way. These young men have good reason to acknowledge the truth of Zschokke's excellent remark. "A trade or handicraft renders a man independent of the prejudices and caprices of his fellow-creatures. He who knows the use of his hands and arms need have no fear of poverty or want. To consume little, and produce much, is the whole secret of real liberty, and real power. To possess

much is not happiness—but to do something is.” Zschokke had five sons, to all of whom he gave a learned and university education; but he likewise gave to each of them a mechanical employment. One he made a carpenter, another a turner, another a ploughman, another a whitesmith; and he as often called them by their occupations as by their names. One of his sons, a Doctor in medicine, wishing to leave Berlin, and not liking to be detained till he could get a supply of money from home, set off under the name of Conrad Eck, stopping at all the large towns, to work at his trade, as a whitesmith; and gained thereby sufficient funds to continue his travels to a much greater extent than he could otherwise have done. Well has Rousseau said that the young man who can go into a work shop and say “*Mâitre, veux tu un garçon*” is the only real man of independence.

So universal is this passion for exploring the mountains, that even young ladies from board-

ing schools may be seen, at permitted periods, armed with Alpen-stocks, and sallying forth, under the direction of their governesses, in search of the sublime and beautiful. Many of the young men whom we met looked miserably thin, and exceedingly jaded; and, in fact, the scantiness of their living, seldom anything more than bread and sour wine, opposed to the eagerness of their age, urging them every day to exertions even beyond their strength, sufficiently accounted for an appearance which sometimes painfully excited my compassion.

On seeing the concourse of strangers, from all parts of the world, in whatever direction we may turn our steps, it becomes a curious subject of reflection, to anticipate, in imagination, the effects which the daily, hourly, increasing facility of intercourse among the once widely separated nations of the earth, may produce. When we consider such wonderful efforts of human labour as are exhibited in the road across the Simplon, or, to come nearer home,



the Great Western railway, or the Thames Tunnel, the miraculous power of steam, the effects of which are as yet only in their infancy, the swiftness of transport, the triumphs over wind and tide, and time, the new tracks opened both by land and water, the similar exertions which will, in all probability, be made, in a few years, with similar results, in other countries; gradually extending throughout the civilised globe, eventually making the now uninhabitable parts habitable, we must surely see that corresponding changes will of necessity be produced in the human mind, by all these mighty inventions and discoveries, which will in time bring the whole human race into easy and amicable intercourse with each other, as one vast family of the same Almighty Father. Then shall the knowledge of Him "cover the earth, as the waters cover the sea," then shall there be "One Lord, and His name One."

---

On leaving Interlaken we took the left hand side of the lake of Thun, proposing to return by the Simmenthal. The public roads throughout Switzerland, and especially in the Canton of Berne, are excellent. They also display a wise and benevolent regard to the comfort of travellers of every condition: benches, placed at equal distances, invite the pedestrian and the market people to repose themselves: resting places are provided for them to support their burthens upon, and fountains of fresh water continually invite them to refresh themselves with their sparkling streams. An attempt to describe the loveliness of the route would be only a vain effort; it kept us in a continual exclamation of delight till we arrived at the auberge, at the entrance of the Simmenthal, where we took up our quarters: the pretty German girl, who waited upon us, immediately decked the apartment with fresh flowers for us, and likewise offered us each a bouquet. In the evening we went to take a

sketch of the Château of Wimmis, at the foot of the lofty Niesen. The effect was solemn and grand. A girl coming from the fountain, and a boy bringing home the goats, were the only passers-by that broke the stillness of the scene. This Château, now so deserted, was formerly a strong-hold of great importance, being the key to the entrance into the Simmenthal, at the mouth of the narrow defile between the Niesen and the Stockhorn. The church stands close by it, as if sheltering itself under its protection; the porch is adorned with the parable of the wise and foolish virgins, painted as large as life: the wise ones look with a most vinegar aspect, and an inveterate obstinacy of denial, on their less prudent sisters.

From the heights of the Niesen and of the Stockhorn, the clouds may often be seen forming in the valleys below, rising to a certain height, and then breaking with long peals of thunder against the rocky points, and dissolving in rain. It is owing to the frequency of these

accidents, if such beautiful phenomena of nature may be so termed, that water is at all times abundant in this district, whilst, on the contrary, on the more uniform elevation of the Jura, which neither attracts nor breaks the clouds, the cattle are obliged to be supplied with drink from cisterns; and the effect of the dryness in the vegetation is such that, on the mountains near Berne, the cows do not give above half the quantity of milk which they would do on the same extent of ground in the Simmenthal. I have continually watched the clouds thus forming in the valley of Rossinières; and it sounded pleasant to my ears to say, ‘shut the window, or the cloud will come in,’ as familiarly as if I was speaking of the rain or the dust; thus unconsciously adopting the idiom of the good people in Chamounix, who, when the clouds are low, say, “*ils font chambre.*”

The ascent to the summit of the Stockhorn is fatiguing from the side of Thun, but on that of Erlenbach, in the Simmenthal, it is easy,

and offers superb views of the western Alps ; it is likewise enlivened by two lakes, around which the botanist will find many interesting specimens of Alpine plants.

The Niesen enjoys a reputation among the common people, exactly opposite to that of Mount Pilate, which owes its celebrity to the tradition of Pontius Pilate having thrown himself from its summit into the lake below, known by the name of the Infernal. The Niesen, on the contrary, is regarded by the peasants in the vicinity as the elevation from which our Saviour ascended into Heaven ; the trifling differences of geographical position, or historical records, being nothing, when advanced in opposition to legends of this kind. The Niesen stands at the angle of these extensive valleys, and can be ascended without difficulty. Its sides are alternated with green pasturages and deep, dark ravines, and from its summit, one of the grandest views imaginable of the Alps, is attained ; its position being exactly such as to

enable them to be seen sufficiently near to distinguish the characteristic beauties of each, and sufficiently far off to judge of their comparative heights and situations with regard to each other. It is 7340 feet above the level of the sea ; yet is this immense map proved by geologists to have been formed, like the Righi and other giants of similar material, by masses fallen, or rather hurled from the surrounding mountains. “ Probably,” says Bonsetten, “ the fragments of which it is composed, reposed in former ages, in their respective strata, many thousand feet high, upon the Jung-frau ; thus it is that the Alps are surrounded with their own dust, and that their inhabitants live in the midst of this wreck of nature, as the Arabs entrench themselves among the ruined palaces of ancient Palmyra.” What grand and solemn thoughts are these speculations calculated to awaken ! What an extent of duration in these primeval masses, compared to the generations of man ! Yet what an ephemeral existence

that of the granite and the adamant compared with eternity!

The following scale, as suggested by Mr. Latrobe, may give some idea of the varied produce and aspect of the Swiss mountains. We may take the height of 1500 feet above the sea, as the level of the lakes, villages, and hamlets. Here we find vineyards, corn lands, pastures, forest trees, and pines.

At

- 2,000 Pines, but few forest trees, and a broken country.
- 3,000 To this level the glaciers mostly descend from the flanks of the central chain of the Alps, to the heads of the valleys.
- 4,000 Pastures and innumerable chalets.
- 5,000 Belt of pine forests. To this level the country is often covered, in the height of summer, with snow, from storms.
- 5,500 Rich pastures during the six weeks of summer; chalets.
- 6,500 Much rock; highest pine forests; scattered pastures and chalets.
- 7,000 }  
7,500 } Rocks and patches of pasture.
- 8,000 }  
8,500 } Bare rock.
- 9,000 Patches of snow often remaining unmelted for years.
- 10,000 Perpetual snow.

Above this height, says Latrobe, rise

the summits of the high central chain of primitive mountains, presenting in general very sharp and precipitous outlines, and covered with the accumulated burden of centuries, except in parts where the rocks are too perpendicular for the snows to settle. From these descend the glaciers, commonly so called, from various heights, to an average level of about 2800 or 3000 feet above the sea.

The next day was so lovely that we found it quite impossible to tear ourselves from the scene on which it shone with so much glory, and we determined to re-visit the lac de Thun, in order to take a sketch of the Château de Spietz. We were two leagues from the spot; we could, however, shorten the distance by crossing the Kander: but when we came to the bank of the river, we found, that the old bridge had been taken away, and that we had to traverse it on the pines which were laid down for the foundation of the new one. There was no hand-rail or support of any kind; only a single plank to go upon, and the



torrent roaring beneath, over masses of rock, forming a more practical commentary upon Shakespeare's crossing the flood,

“ Upon the unsteady footing of a spear.”

than I liked the idea of ; yet to force my companions, impatient as they were, to commence their operations, to go five or six miles about, and to draw down upon myself the reproach of cowardice, were evils worth averting ; so I mustered up all my resolution, accepted thankfully the proffered hand of one of the workmen, who grasped mine with a force that made me feel as if he could have held me suspended in mid-air, and by dint of looking neither up nor down, nor on one side nor the other, and trying to think of anything, but where I was, I found myself safe on the other side ; to my own infinite satisfaction, and self-complacency ; the *minister*, not the *prime*, having turned from the very same place, a few hours before, and re-

traced his steps, not daring to venture across, under "existing circumstances."

The canal by which the Kander is conducted into the lake of Thun, is a noble production of human industry, by which the course of the torrent has been abridged thirty-eight thousand feet; it is three thousand feet long, and two hundred and seventy-two wide at the mouth. It was begun in 1711, and finished in 1714: two hundred and fifty labourers being daily employed upon it, at five batzen, or sevenpence halfpenny per day. All vagrants, or able-bodied beggars, found in the district, were set to work upon it. Before they began their labours, in the morning, prayers were read to them, by a minister; and again in the evening, when they left work. Every Wednesday they had a sermon preached to them, under the shade of a large beech; and it may easily be believed that the undertaking did not flourish the worse, for the blessing that was thus en-

treated upon it, and the inculcation of their duty upon those employed in it.

Fears have been entertained that the quantity of mud deposited by the Kander, in the lake of Thun, since the opening of this canal, might cause it eventually to overflow the isthmus on which Interlaken is situated. To the same cause has likewise been attributed the decrease of fish in the lake; but as an equal diminution has been complained of in the lake of Lausanne, since its shores have become the resort of fashion, it is reasonable to suppose that the difference is rather in the increase of consumers, than in the decrease of the article consumed.

Our walk to Spietz, like that of the preceding day, was a perpetual variety of delight; from the ever changing aspect of the mountains, and the blue waters of the lake before us. The Château glittering in the sun was, in our eyes, *la cour dorée*, as much as it could have been in the zenith of its pomp and power. Nature still

smiled on it the same, and we looked on it with all the more sympathy, for its being deserted by Fortune.

We returned to our auberge in the cool of the evening. The peasants, who were coming from their labours, greeted us with the invariable salutation used in the Canton of Berne, among high and low, rich and poor, when they meet one another. *Gott grüss euch*, (God save you) *Gott behüte euch*. (God keep you) or, *Guten abend geb euch Gott*. (God give you a good evening.) In the Forest Cantons a mode of greeting yet more striking is in use; the one touches his cap and exclaims, *Gelobt sey Jesus Christus*. (Jesus Christ be praised), to which the other responds, *In ewigkeit. Amen*. (For ever and ever, Amen.) I never heard this exemplary glorification without my heart responding to it, in the language of revelation, "He is the Alpha and the Omega: the Beginning and the End: the First and the Last: who is, who was, and who is to come; the Almighty."

Truly that state of society is not to be desired, which, in the abundance of its luxuries, and the train of worldly anxieties attendant on procuring them, so far estranges us from thoughts of eternal things, that the language in which we may be reminded of them, should astonish by its novelty, instead of filling us with holy joy, by its import.

We retraced our route through the lovely Simmenthal with pleasure, in order to have the satisfaction of seeing our worthy minister once more. We found him well and cheerful as usual; and every thing in the peaceful hamlet exactly as we left it. So it was a hundred years ago, I doubt not; and so it will be a hundred years hence, if travellers, especially English travellers, should not find it out. So true is the remark of Madame de Staël.

*“ La vie coule dans ces vallées, comme les rivières qui les traversent : ce sont des ondes nouvelles, mais qui suivent le même cours.”*

---

Our late excursion had given us such a taste for wandering, that hearing of an *éboulement* which had taken place, from the summit of the Dent du Midi, above St Maurice, we were determined to set off to that place, to see the effect it had produced.

On quitting Villeneuve we plunge into a deep valley, traversed by the Rhone, and shut in, on the right, by the mountains of Savoy, on the left by those of Switzerland. It presents a succession of meadows, and orchards, the whole of the way to Aigle; affording a charming picture of fertility and beauty; but the air had the most peculiar heat, and want of elasticity, I ever felt. It affected us all in the same manner; and we could easily, whilst half suffocated under its influence, believe that the total relaxation of the bodily system produced by the confined and heated atmosphere of the narrow valleys, thus shut in between mountains, and yet fermenting in the sun, is a principal cause of the cretinism, or idiotism,

of which we begin to see traces at Villeneuve, and which gradually increases as we proceed along the Valais. The first village we arrive at is Roche; where the celebrated Haller buried himself in the deepest seclusion, for six years, compiling his physiological works; but before one sixth part of the time had expired, satiated with solitude, he candidly confessed that society was the chief good; and so undoubtedly it is; more especially to those who having turned the meridian of life, have done with the reveries of the imagination, and look to supply the vacuum they leave, by the friendly interchange of ideas matured by reflection, and feelings which have gained in consistency, more than they have lost in warmth. Mr. Brockedon truly says that “to the *sublime* and *beautiful*, rational beings must always desire to add the *social*,” and I believe those who have ever tried to separate them, would, eventually, very readily relinquish the contemplation of the first two, for the calm and every-day enjoyment of the last.

We pursued our route from Roche under the shade of a projecting rock of veined marble, which takes a fine polish, and is held in much esteem in the Canton de Vaud, for tables and other articles of furniture.

A little before we arrive at Aigle, is the village of Yvorne, celebrated for the excellence of its vineyards. It yet exhibits the traces of the fall of a mountain, that in 1584 entirely destroyed the original village, on the site of which it stands. In 1714 and 1749 there were similar *éboulements* from the *Diablerets*, formerly crowned with five enormous peaks, of which only three now remain; and indeed all throughout this district, traces of past and threats of future misfortunes of the same kind are apparent. Bex is famous for one of the best *auberges* in Switzerland, the Union. Its bill of fare includes the finest trout of the Rhone, and plenty of game, which is much more abundant here, than in the other parts of the Canton de Vaud. It has also a very com-



fortable establishment of salt water baths, and a plentiful supply of goats' milk for invalids. Between Aigle and Bex are the celebrated salt mines, originally discovered in the fifteenth century; which attract the attention of the curious and scientific as much as the romantic environs, and the details they afford of pastoral life, delight the painter and the naturalist. The Chamois is found in the mountains near Bex. A young man in the ardour of pursuit jumped down after one upon a point of rock, on which he suddenly found himself insulated, without possibility either of returning or descending. In this frightful state he passed three days and nights, half frozen, half famished, supporting himself on the flesh of a marmot he had killed. The fourth day a party of hunters passed that way by accident, beheld him, and succeeded in drawing him up by ropes from his state of suspense and suffering. Another hunter, shortly after, in leaping a chasm, fell, from a height of thirteen hundred feet. His father, uneasy at

his not returning home, at the time expected, set out to look for him, and found him lying at the foot of the tall rock, with his skull fractured. The unhappy parent lifted him up and carried him home, a distance of four leagues, on his back, through ways which, with such a burthen would have been impracticable to anything short of the energy of grief.

The courage and activity of the chamois hunters, the patience with which they endure the hunger, cold, and fatigue to which they subject themselves, for days together, the firmness with which they face the most extraordinary dangers, in short the absorption of all their faculties and energies in this chase, the sole event that varies the monotony of mountain life, the passion for it which they transmit from father to son, one generation after another, have been too often made the theme of description for me to enter into them. It is certainly the pleasure, more than the profit of the pursuit, that incites the ardour they display in it; for the price of a chamois does not exceed from

fifteen to twenty shillings: the most fortunate hunters do not kill more than from twelve to sixteen in the year, and many not half the number.

Scarcely a ray of light lingered in the horizon when we arrived at the bridge across the Rhone, which separates St. Maurice from the Canton de Vaud. The solemnity of the mountains, in the indistinctness of the twilight, the magnificent position of the château, at the foot of a high rock, opposite the bridge, the wild dashing of the unseen Rhone, the furious blasts of wind that swept between the mighty Dent du Morcle, and the superb Dent du Midi, with a violence that threatened to upset our carriage, whilst we waited for the gate of the tower to be opened to us, the figures wrapped in military cloaks, advancing to inspect our passport, by the dim light of a single lamp that hung from the vaulted roof of the porch, altogether inspired that vague association with times past, which, in the present, is as far as the rationally romantic can hope to reach. It

was powerful enough, however, to awaken very spirit-stirring thoughts, and among my recollections of the beautiful and the grand, St. Maurice, at the last gleam of departing day, will not easily be effaced.

'Twas strangely wild and solemn when we stood,  
At twilight hour, before the ancient gate  
That guards St. Maurice from its rival state :  
The howling winds, the Rhone's impetuous flood,  
Above, beneath, shook, as in angry mood,  
The bridge and tower. Long time had we to wait,  
And whence we came and whither bound relate ;  
For still where weakness reigns distrust will brood.  
By the lone lamp, the lonely sentry traced  
Our passports—whilst the flickering flame revealed  
The castle, on its rocks of granite based,  
And mountains dim ; their giant heads concealed  
In ebon clouds—to me 'twas as a dream,  
Legends of martyr'd saints, and deeds of arms the theme.

END OF VOL. I.

T. C. NEWSBY, Printer, 65 Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square.



MISS E. PICKERING'S MOST POPULAR NOVELS.

---

I.

NAN DARRELL;  
OR, THE GYPSY MOTHER.

II.

THE FRIGHT.

III.

WHO SHALL BE HEIR?

IV.

THE QUIET HUSBAND.

V.

THE SECRET FOE.

VI.

THE EXPECTANT.

# **SECRET ASSOCIATIONS.**

**A NOVEL,**

**In Three Volumes, Post 8vo.**

**"Every lover of peace and order should read this book. Throughout the disturbed districts it should be generally circulated." Conservative Journal.**

---

# **THE THIRST FOR GOLD.**

**A NOVEL,**

**In Three Volumes, Post 8vo.**

**By the Author of "Seymour of Sugley," "The Friends of Fountainbleau," &c.**

---

**EDITED BY**

**LADY LYTTON BULWER.**

# **THE PRINCE-DUKE AND THE PAGE.**

**A Novel. In three Volumes.**

THE LAST NOVEL. OF THE LATE MR. BANIM.

In Three Vols. Post 8vo.

FATHER CONNELL,

By the Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family."

"Father Connell is destined to an existence far beyond the season." *Tait's Magauine.*

"Good Father Connell ought to be a welcome guest in Protestant as well as Catholic houses." *Athenæum.*

"The Author upholds the reputation previously gained by him, of being one of the most vivid pourtrayers of Irish life." *Literary Gazette.*

"Had Mr. Banim never written another line Father Connell would have immortalised him." *Conservative Journal.*

"In the whole range of modern fiction there is not one which can bear compare with it." *National Advertiser.*

"'Father Connell' is a cabinet of gems, and each is a pure Irish diamond." *Planet.*

"In his earlier works Mr. Banim showed an extraordinary power of producing strong and startling effects: 'Father Connell' is a work of a higher order." *Morning Chronicle.*

**IMPORTANT WORKS JUST PUBLISHED.**

---

**I.**

**In Two Vols. post 8vo. Price 21s.**

**MEMOIRS OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
SIR ROBERT PEELE, BART.**

“ The Memoirs of Sir R. Peel will afford the rising generation a clear view of the career of the statesman, on whose tried judgment his country now confidently reposes.”—John Bull.

“ Written in a clear manly style.”—Monthly Magazine.

**II.**

**THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM,  
A POEM OF PALESTINE,**

**BY EDMUND PEELE, ESQ.,**

“ One of the best and simplest of religious poems.”—Blackwood’s Magazine.

“ Plan, structure, manner of treatment, and the very trick and turns of diction and versification, all remind the reader of Byron.” Spectator.

“ A pious, and beautifully written poem.” Military Gazette.

“ It is a story of the Holy Land ; full of true christian sentiment, and of deep pathos.” Church and State Gazette.



One Vol. Price 4s. Fourth Edition.

## THE BEE-KEEPER'S GUIDE.

"No country gentleman, or cottager ought to be without this valuable and best treatise upon the management of bees.—  
Bury Herald.

"This little work will be useful to those of our clergy and laity who devote a small portion of their time to the cultivation and management of those interesting creatures." Church and State Gazette.

---

AN ESSAY

## ON SEX IN THE WORLD TO COME.

BY THE

REV. G. D. HAUGHTON, B.A.

"Written in a true christian spirit, and in language of great eloquence." Bury Herald.

---

Part I. Price 1s.

THE

## FIRST PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY.

BY THOMAS FULLER.

# PEDESTRIAN TOUR THROUGH CALABRIA AND SICILY.

BY ARTHUR JOHN STRUTT.

One Vol, 8vo, Coloured Plates, 10s. 6d. cloth.

"A man who is whirled through Europe in a post-chaise, and the pilgrim who makes the grand tour on foot, will form very different conclusions."

---

## THE M.D.'S DAUGHTER

A NOVEL,

In Three Volumes, Post 8vo.

---

A NEW NOVEL BY MISS BURDON.

## THE POPE AND THE ACTOR.

By the Author of "Seymour of Sudley," "The Friends of Fontainebleau," "The Thirst for Gold," &c., &c.

In Three Volumes, Post 8vo.

ju  
2 2





